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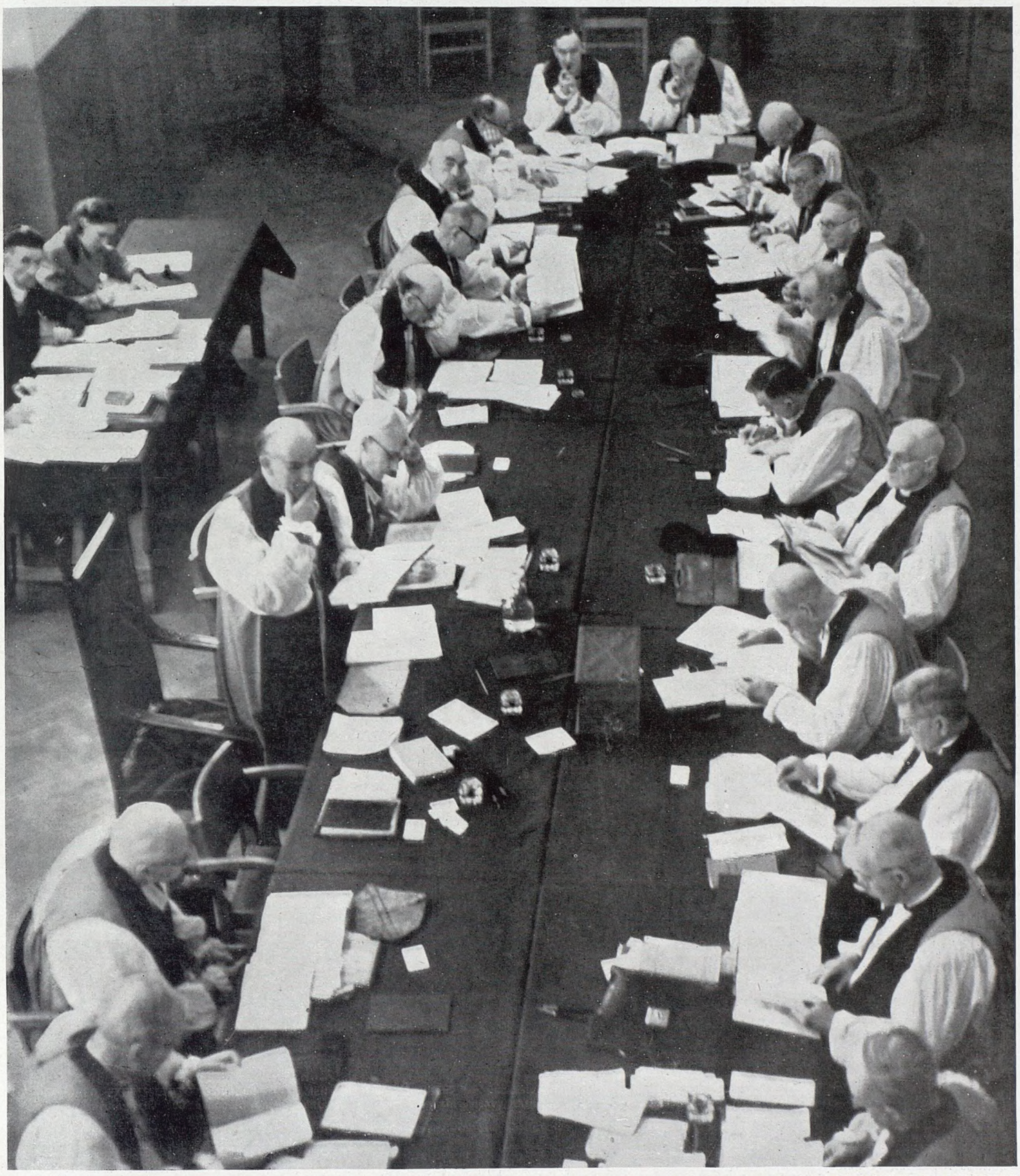

REVISING THE CANON LAWS OF THE CHURCH—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (LEFT, CENTRE) ADDRESSING THE SPECIAL CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY SUMMONED EXPRESSLY TO CONSIDER THE AMENDING OF THE RULES OF ECCLESIASTICAL GOVERNMENT: The Primate of All England made a full statement regarding the 300 proposed amendments. In completing this heavy task he said they would be overtaking the arrears of nearly 300 years

This is to be a momentous year in the Church, for the revision of the Canon Laws has long been overdue, and there are certain new Canons, which were being debated last week at Church House, Westminster, by the Convocation of Canterbury, which are of outstanding importance to the whole country. One of the gravest issues of all concerns the question of remarriage according to the rites of the Church after a previous marriage has been dissolved by Secular Law. These issues have been discussed at length both in the Convocations of Canterbury and York, and both the Primate of All England and the Primate have made it plain that there will be no hasty legislation by bishops and clergy and that the fullest consideration will be given to the views of the laity. Unless this is done, it is felt by the Convocations that the sanction of the Crown for the amended Canon Laws could hardly be sought

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

America Budgets.—There is nothing of backyard politics in Mr. Truman's Budget for this Presidential Election year: £10,000,000,000 is the sum for which he calls to combat inflation at home and to rescue Democracy in Western Europe. These fearful figures strangely enough impose on Americans no heavier burden than does our "little" Budget on John Citizen. More than a quarter of the sum will be devoted to national defence, and a further huge but unspecified sum will be earmarked for what is euphemistically called the further development of atomic energy in the third year of peace. If this Budget throws a lurid light on the peace of the nations, it throws a very bright and unequivocal light on the attitude of the President to extra-American affairs during a "backyard" year in U.S. politics. Mr. Truman and Mr. Marshall, at any rate, still see clearly and far beyond the party-wall, and whatever opponents in the States, Communists all over the world and enemies of the Marshall Plan here in Britain may think, Mr. Truman's Budget, like Mr. Marshall's Plan, is a stimulus and a challenge to us to redouble our own efforts to rescue ourselves and to stand on our own feet, with allegiance to no policy which is not ours by choice. The combating of inflation in the States is a direct financial benefit to ourselves in our dollar problem. The combating of totalitarian rule in those countries of Europe where democratic ideals are still believed to survive is of no less direct benefit to ourselves in the narrower or economic sense. In the political sense, it need not affect our policy of seeking better relations with all our neighbours, east and west. It is a generous and far-sighted and infinitely courageous Budget, put forward in the name of the American nation by a President who came by chance into office and grows in stature as his term draws near its end. But what may be its prospects of endorsement, none can prophesy with authority.

Publicity and the Monarchy.—I had hoped we had "heard the last" before the recess of Princess Elizabeth's allowances. But in Parliament they have been at it again, presumably because some M.P.s are goaded by their constituents. I have sometimes ventured to suggest that too much publicity illumines our Royal Family. Because they have nothing to conceal, because their lives are wholly virtuous and largely devoted to service, because they are the most democratic of all our State institutions, they are prepared to reveal to the curious and inquisitive the innermost cupboards. But there are always a minority of sightseers who count the goods in the cupboards and estimate the prices of the valuables in the cabinets. New country houses and "hotels-on-rails" are not "needless luxuries" for half-a-dozen individuals whose accepted duties are highly ceremonial, of whom the maximum of pomp and circumstance is demanded and insisted on. But it is not desirable—having regard to the inevitable carping and jealous minority—that the Press should for ever banner-headline these items. Just so, among the queues which still stretch along the Mall, waiting to view the wedding presents, there is always a small minority who see these rooms-full of luxury goods as purely for the personal use of "one young married couple." And it is not only in England that such publicity, deliberate or otherwise, is used and twisted for political ends. The lives and characters of our Royal House to-day justify and deserve a little more mystery, a little less publicity.

Leopold III.—One of our oldest nursery saws—and a very canon of democracy—is to the effect that there are two sides to every question. It is borne in on me every day that this old saw—like the one concerning honesty—is very much a back number. Partisans are all for free speech and free opinion, just so long as they endorse the speech and subscribe to the opinion. This view is made even clearer to me by "letters out of Belgium," written as a result of a comment I recently made on a report that a responsible committee in Belgium had reported in favour of the further examination of the question of the return of Leopold III. These protests dismiss as "*une propagande acharnée, réactionnaire et collaborationiste*" all Leopoldist goodwill, howsoever expressed. I never doubted that the anti-Leopold party is strong in Belgium, but I place Belgium as among the sane democracies (and high in the little list), and it is a poor tribute to her democracy to dismiss as a traitor or a half-wit every Belgian who has a word of good for the ex-King. Time is a slow mover sometimes, but in the end may be depended on (in a democracy which *works*) to decide the question of majority opinion pro or con any issue. And blind partisans who call themselves democrats are therefore Time's fools *in excelsis*. They may well be hoist with their own petard.

THE "QUIET WEDDING" OF A FILM-STAR—MR. DAVID NIVEN AND HIS SWEDISH BRIDE, HJORDIS TERSMEDEN, LAUGHINGLY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE THRONG OF PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON REGISTER OFFICE: Only three friends of the couple went to this "quiet wedding," but they received an enthusiastic send-off from workmen on ladders outside the register office who shouted "Good old Bonnie Prince Charlie!" as Mr. Niven and his bride left the building. The bride is a twenty-seven-year-old red-haired ex-mannequin. Last Saturday they left for the United States, and the honeymoon is being spent at sea

Mahatma Gandhi.—Under our laws a man is forbidden to kill himself, whatever the motive. It is a form of murder. When Gandhi began his fast, there were probably many who regarded the gesture as a bluff. But there are many people who vaguely suppose that saints and martyrs are a phenomenon of Christianity. As I see it, Gandhi on the fifth day of his fast had receded a little from his maximum terms. He had brought himself near to death's door and had achieved incredible results, and was prepared to accept a compromise and live to starve another day. Gandhi's gesture stands out as a very noble and very inspiring action. Even to-day, when morality, decency and religion falter, a good man shines like a bright candle in a naughty world; even to-day goodness is recognised and can influence the basest passions, and can go far to command the winds and the waves to be still. What a lesson for U.N.O. Unselfish and courageous *action* can achieve what no amount of pious resolutions and neat formulæ and declarations and warnings can achieve. What a lesson for the Press: there is still a "story" in decency and nobility and selflessness.

Basic—Yes or No?—Sir Stafford is among our Austerity Public School masters justly labelled "a beast, but a just beast"—he gets many dewdrops, even from the ranks of Tuscany, for his unique moral courage in telling the people the unpleasant truth. Yet even Sir Stafford is sometimes made a nonsense by changing conditions and Cabinet second thoughts, and what he says to-day is not always to-morrow's policy. A few weeks ago hope ran high that the Government would think again about the petrol ban. No doubt at all the Cabinet was shocked and surprised by the breadth and depth of public resentment, and there was some doubt as to the extent of the expected saving in dollars. Now Sir Stafford has reaffirmed the estimate and kiboshed public hope. He has declared that no return of basic is contemplated. Myself, I believe the public—a majority of voters—will never surrender to this deprivation so long as the ban is officially explained by dollar saving alone, for the reason that it has never yet been publicly proved that the dollar is concerned in the affair. Tankers, perhaps. Class legislation misconceived, perhaps. But the man in the street believes there is oil to burn (in every private car) in the wells outside the dollar areas. Meanwhile, one or two of our most profitable industries go from bad to worse on a long view. Car manufacture and the tourist industry, *imprimis*. No doubt, we are exporting our products satisfactorily, as no doubt we must. But how can we justify any policy which puts us for a decade ahead "back to Methuselah," back to the governess-cart mentality, back to the Edwardian conception of the country hotel or inn, back to the eighteenth-century conception of what roads should be? We do not plan for defence with bows and arrows, and we cannot expect to compete in a world of fierce competition by reintroducing bows and arrows into our national life. A compromise with Basic—a token restoration—would be unworkable, I agree. A total restoration I believe to be absolutely essential for our survival as a responsible unit in world economy; and before summer; and I fancy the Government will yet come to see the need of restoration on that conclusion, or on one less national and patriotic.

Starving the Mind.—Our steady retrogression to Dark Age existence is evidenced in the book trade as clearly as anywhere. It is reasonable to shed a tear for authors, publishers, critics, and all who desire to increase their knowledge. I can think of several very competent historians and biographers who had trilogies near completion or new subjects promised two or three years ago. But these promises are still . . . promises. The competent author is offered no inducement. The publisher is solely concerned with what may sell at least 2,000 copies, and with deciding on which of his old money-makers, long out of print, he can risk some of his sparse ration of paper. His printers are overwhelmed. Their charges constantly increase. If he accept a new book, his author may well spend six months correcting driblets of "galleys." Four months is regarded as a short interval between galleys and page-proofs. And then the problems and delays of producing the finished book stretch eternally ahead. I am inclined to pity the reviewer also. Books, even new books, are being published, but his choice of a worthy book to review is not bright, and I observe how the most reliable of the critics seem to concentrate week after week on re-estimating old classics or established reputations. Of all the expedients for retrenchment, of all the austerities, the most short-sighted and the meanest is that which rations or starves the mind of knowledge, ideas and ideals. It is the want of education and knowledge which is at the root of most, if not all, of the troubles of civilisation.

THE OLD STAGER

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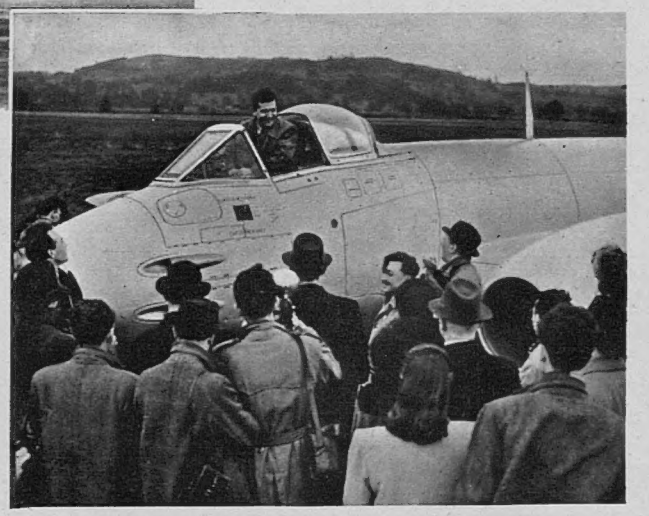
Britain's GLOSTER METEOR and America's STRATOJET

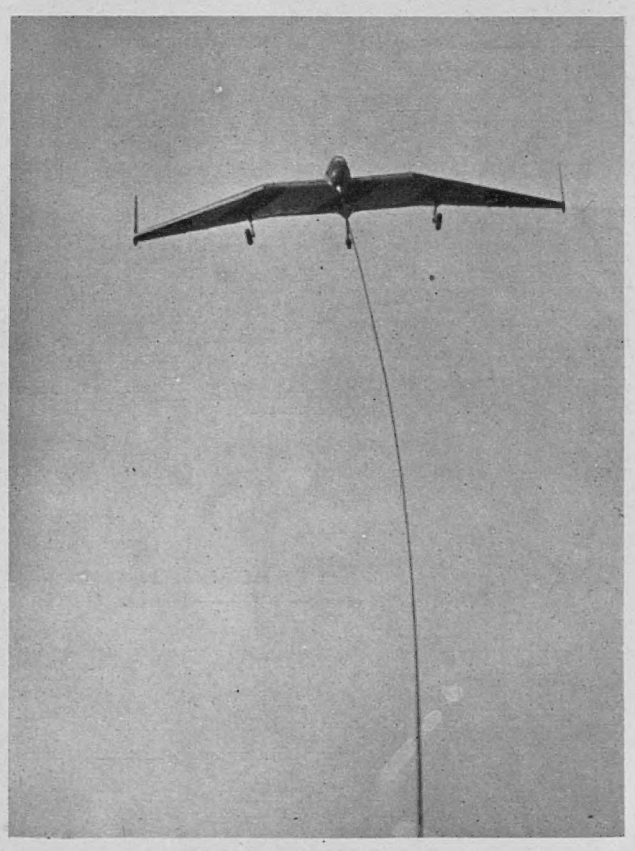
Britain's Gloster Meteor, now fitted with the formidable Derwent V engines, and America's Stratojet, with six General Electric turbo-jets, are both in the news at the moment. The Gloster, a standard type, was brought out last week to beat John Cunningham's 100-kilometres closed circuit speed record of 496·888 m.p.h. set up at Lympne last August. But for bad weather, with wind gusts of up to 65 m.p.h., this would have been achieved, but after the first circuit, when the pilot averaged 522·89 m.p.h. and touched 660 m.p.h., he was thrown about so violently that he soon throttled back and came in to land. America's Stratojet, which is shown below on this page on making its first flight from Seattle, is the first large high-speed military aircraft to have swept-back wing and tail surfaces. It is said to be giving a good account of itself in current trials.

THIS METEOR AVERAGED 522·89 M.P.H.: This standard Gloster Meteor IV, powered by two Rolls-Royce Derwent V engines, tried last week to beat the international 100-kilometres closed circuit speed record, but the attempt had to be temporarily abandoned owing to bad weather after the completion of the first circuit. This picture was taken a few moments after Squadron-Leader Waterton had taken off from Gloucester airfield

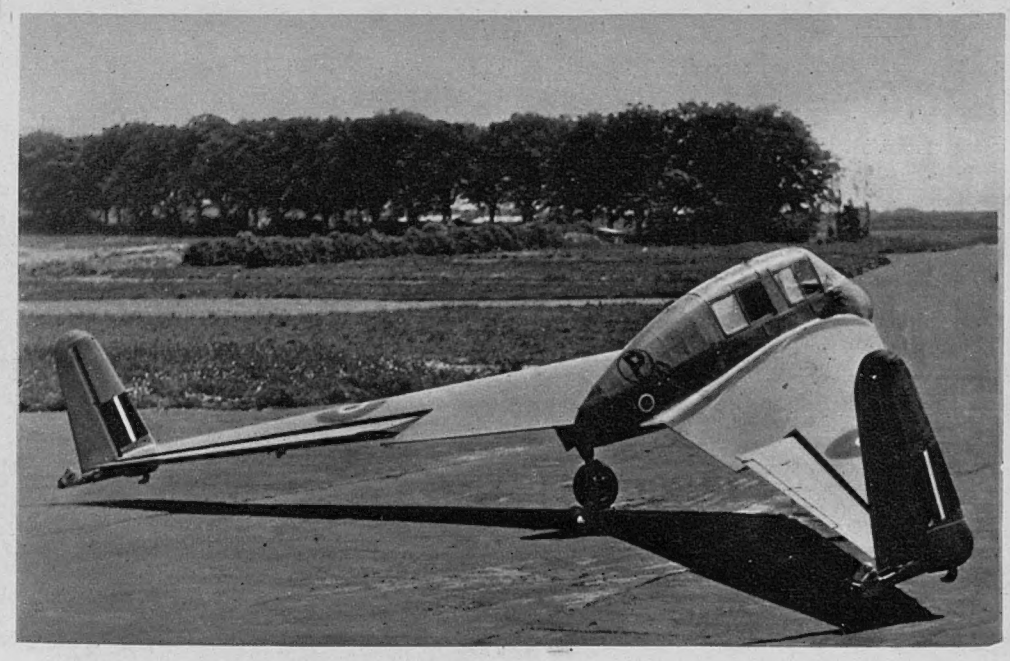


SQUADRON-LEADER WATERTON DESCRIBES HIS ORDEAL: The chief test pilot of the Gloster Aircraft Company answering questions from the cockpit of his Meteor after being compelled to give up his attempt on the closed circuit record. It was decided to try again when the weather improved

THE STRATOJET (WITH BICYCLE UNDERCARRIAGE) DOES NOT LOOK ITS BEST IN THE FIRST MOMENTS OF A FLIGHT: America's new six-jet bomber seen as it set off from Boeing airfield, Seattle, on its maiden flight. Both sets of fuselage and engine nacelle wheels are down, and the result is a rather untidy appearance. When these are retracted the Stratojet presents markedly clean lines. The bomber remained airborne for fifty-two minutes on this first trial, and during this time preliminary checks were made of control approaches to stalling speed, unsymmetrical power conditions and general flight characteristics. After take-off the machine climbed 15,000 ft. over the Cascade Mountains and then made four practice landings at an airfield in eastern Washington. The XB47, as the Stratojet is still called while running trials, is designed to carry over 10 tons of bombs. Its swept-back wing and tail surfaces make it unique among bombers. As the top speed is in the region of 500 m.p.h., it is not clear why swept-back wings have been employed, as serious compressibility problems are not likely to be encountered



A NEW RESEARCH GLIDER: The General Aircraft Company's tailless glider seen in flight, and (*on left*) on the ground before take-off. This glider, for experimental purposes only, is designed to find the answer to flying at the slowest speeds with maximum safety. Gliders are now being widely used in the initial stages of research. In 1946 Armstrong Whitworth's produced their A.W. 52-G. before proceeding to construct their jet-propelled model



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THE OLYMPIC WINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ

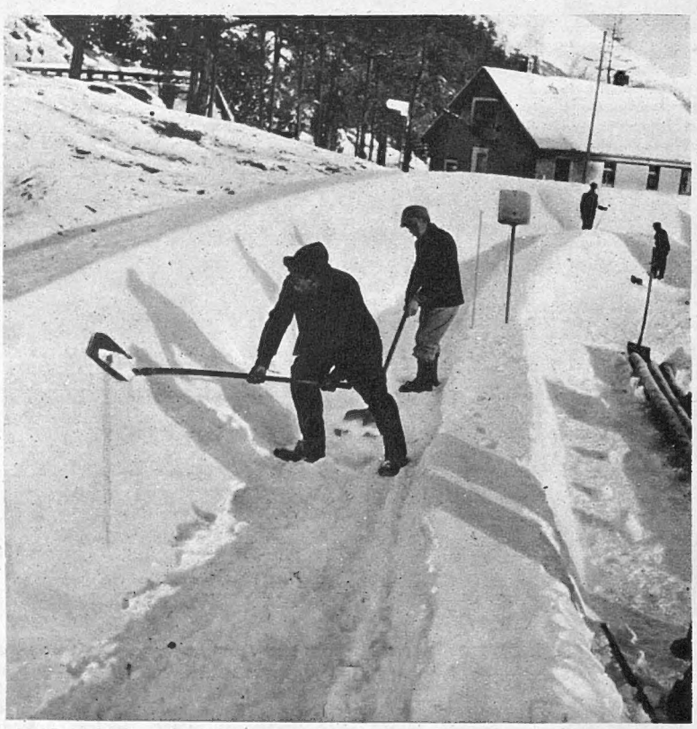
The Skeleton and Boblet Teams Prepare for the Championships

IT IS TOUGH GOING ON THE CRESTA : This is the sort of equipment the rider requires to negotiate the dangerous bends of the celebrated skeleton run. In addition to protective knee-pads, spikes are fitted to the toe-caps to aid in steering

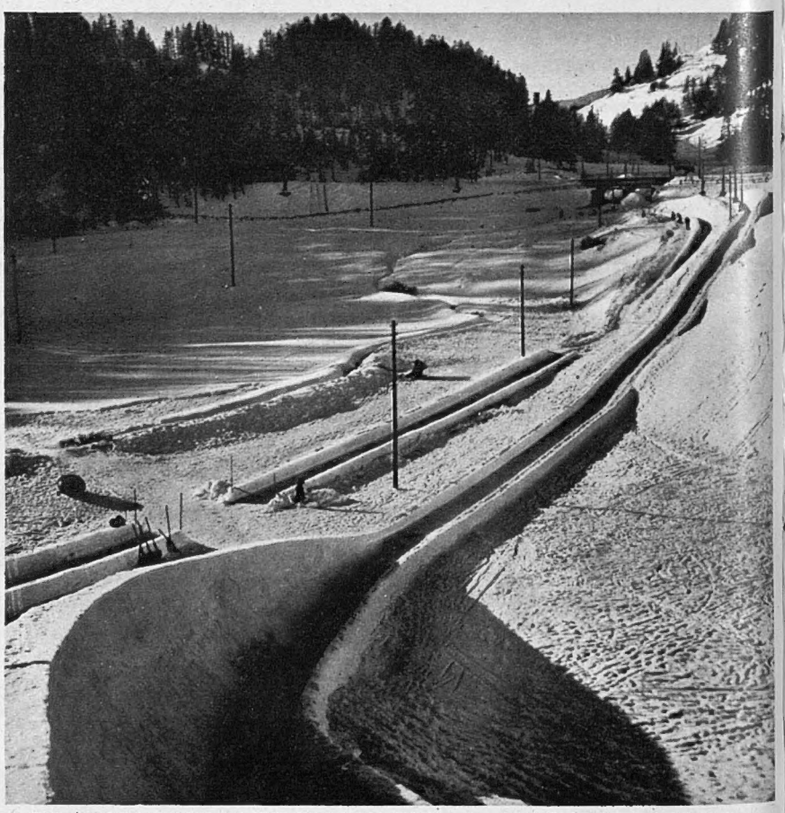
On July 29 the King will open the Olympic Games at Wembley, but, by way of hors d'œuvre, the Olympic Winter Sports are taking place at St. Moritz, and at the end of January and the beginning of February there will be some thrilling international duels on the celebrated bob run and the even better-known skeleton track, the Cresta run. With the one-man skeletons, the two-man boblets and the four-man bobs, Britain is well represented this year, and for some weeks past our teams have been practising at St. Moritz. The British team of possibles for the skeleton races includes Lord Brabazon of Tara, the former Minister of Transport, who at sixty-three years of age is president of the Cresta Club and can still do his 80 m.p.h. round the perilous bends. Our bob team is led by

(Continued on right)

WHERE THE CRESTA RUN AND THE BOBSLEIGH RUN TRAVEL SIDE BY SIDE : On these two celebrated courses the Olympic teams have been practising in preparation for the Olympic winter sports. The Cresta course is on the left of the picture, and one of its almost right-angle bends is shown



BUILDING UP THE BANKING ON THE CRESTA RUN : Men engaged in preparing the course for the Olympic teams which have been practising at St. Moritz. On some corners the skeletons are travelling at 80 m.p.h.

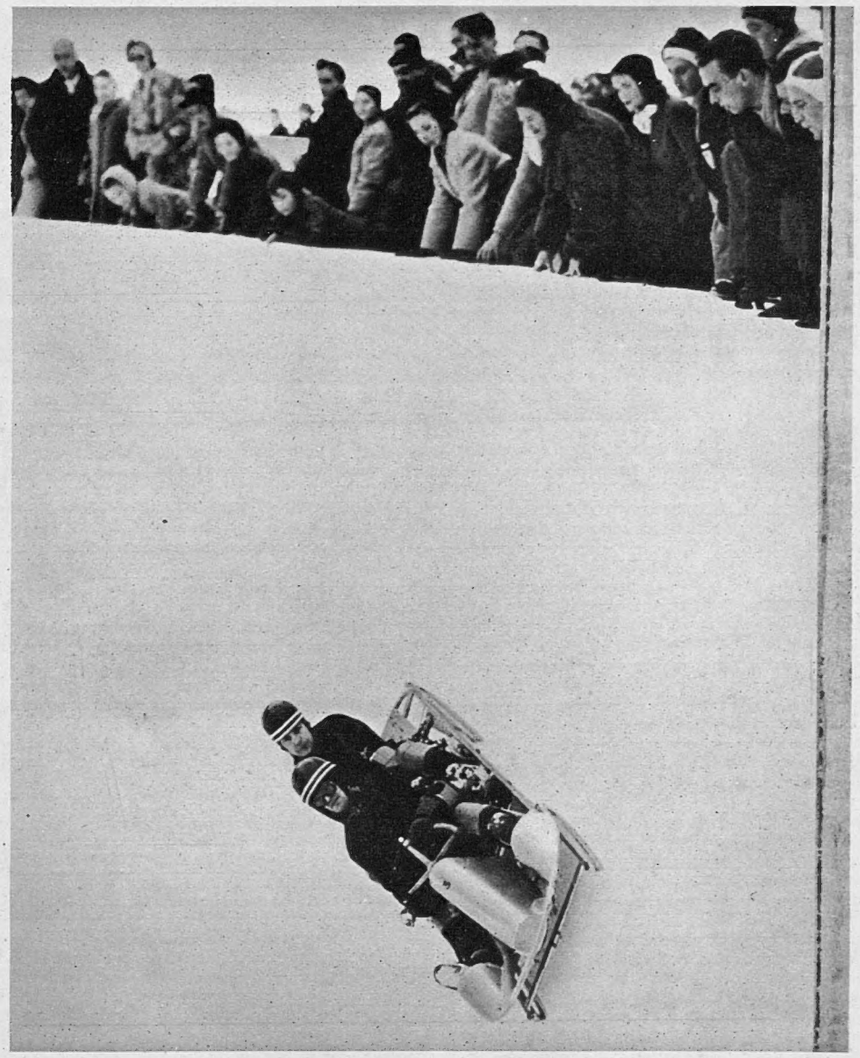


ON THE CLOSING STAGES OF THE HEADLONG DASH : On the left is the bobsleigh course, where the bobs travel at 60 m.p.h. or more, and on the right the Cresta. For the greater part of the journey the two courses cover totally different ground

A BOBLET PAIR HURTLE DOWN THE ST. MORITZ COURSE: The Americans, Fortune and Carron, practising for the Olympic Winter Sports. The Olympic titles will be decided on January 30 and 31 (boblets), and February 6 and 7 (bobs). They will both take place on the St. Moritz bob-track, which covers 1½ miles

Group-Captain Raymond Collings, who, having gained valuable experience in the World Championships of 1947, is now leading his R.A.F. colleagues once again. Instead of borrowing equipment this year, the British team have up-to-date bob-sleighs and boblets made to their own specification by a well-known aviation company (see THE SPHERE, January 3, 1948). With this equipment the team approaches the championships with a strong hope of success. In the new bobs the runner-blades have a hard chrome finish, thus reducing friction to a minimum, and with a car-type worm and wheel the bobs have the finest of steering. Feierabend, the world champion, who is seen with his Swiss colleague riding a boblet in one of the pictures on this page, is the son of one who manufactures this type of equipment, and thanks to his unselfish help in 1947 the British team were able to make their plans for this effort in 1948.

OILING THE RUNNERS OF A SKELETON: On these one-man sleds the Cresta riders descend at breakneck speed. Careful attention to the chromium runners can produce a marked reduction in friction



THE NORWEGIANS ARE ALSO LEADING CONTENDERS FOR THE BOBLET TITLES: Here are Schrolu and Thoresen taking a stiff bend on the St. Moritz course. As they round these bends both the driver and his colleague can play a vital part in cutting split seconds off the time

THE WORLD CHAMPIONS IN ACTION: Feierabend and Waser, who won the boblets title at St. Moritz in 1946, seen as they hurtled down the course during a recent practice run. Feierabend has been of great assistance to the British team in its Olympic preparations

GREAT DAYS FOR THE BLUE-MINDED

Some Thoughts on the Current Era of Prohibitions in Britain

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ANY day, now, the drop-scene to a nation's gambling will descend into position as a heavily backed Socialist proposal to bring some more beneficial order out of the current disorder of the Pools is heard at Westminster.

That the country is saturated with gambling, as it never has been before, admits of no contradiction. The Churches recently worked out that gambling costs (perhaps the verb should be put in inverted commas) the nation £102,000,000 a year. But the State has entered into the game, with the tax on greyhound racing, which brought in a quarter of a million sterling on its first day, and Sir Stafford Cripps himself indicates that he is toying with the notion of extending the tax to race-courses.

A new situation has obviously arisen, and with it comes the chance to do away with a great deal of humbug. Where do we come out, for instance, over the Gibraltar Lotteries to which the Governor seems to have given the green light? Shall the authorities search our mail to this Crown Colony as they hunt for money going to the Government Sweep? Either gambling is legal, or it is not. If the former, then the sound thing to do in these exceptionally difficult times, financially, is to put it on the basis most helpful to the State and least harmful, morally, to the community.

As things stand, neither of these objectives is being sought. The reason? Because matters of principle are involved, high principles.

Perfectly sincere people believe gambling to be not only sinful, but destructive to the individual, as well as to the national well-being. This, at a time when the very existence of the world—let alone the brave new world—appears to be very much of a gamble, may seem far-fetched. For there is not the slightest doubt that the atom bomb has heightened the gaming fever. Nevertheless, the view is honestly held, and, if only it could be argued in an urbane manner, how lucky we should be.

What difference it can work with me on the moral side, whether I engage half-a-dollar on the foot artistry of Tommy Lawton or in a State Lottery, I am waiting to learn. But, whereas I may do the former, I am shielded from the latter by a small minority which invariably claims to be right-thinking, and which, in respect of the proposed lottery, pronounces as follows:

"A State lottery undermines the spirit of disciplined work. . . . The gambling spirit, with its trust-to-luck and something-for-nothing mentality, infects and debilitates the will to work. Lotteries, gambling and time-cribbing, all encourage the something-for-nothing spirit rather than the spirit that aims at more and more production by better and more earnest work.

"To think only in terms of how much money can be secured for the Exchequer is incomplete thinking. Those people who value the welfare of their country will be prepared for as long as may be necessary to continue courageously to face austerities, and to refuse the questionable remedy of the State lottery."

This seems to carry with it two assertions. First, that if you or I held a sweep ticket, we shouldn't exert ourselves to do a full day's work just on the very offest chance that our number might come up; and, second, that patriotism and courage belong to those who prefer austerities.

The first of these contentions is refuted by what is happening in the United Kingdom at this very moment—when millions of people who work are having their flutter and working no less for it. "But," comes the admonishing, "if a lottery were added, it would be different." The answer to that comes from the Belgians, a people more akin to ourselves than any on the Continent, who are notoriously working like all the bees in droneland, and whose busy streets know well the vendors of lottery tickets.

But it is the second contention which really brings down that drop-scene.

These hard and grim times of straining towards recovery of some sort—even keeping ourselves going as a nation—appear destined to last a long time, years. What we have to ask ourselves is—how long can we afford to be rendered gloomier than any other country by a small minority who have inherited the mentality of the Blue Laws and now snatch every opportunity to deepen their hold in the name of patriotism?

The obvious has happened.

This is a grand time for Blue Folk, who work on the same lines as the Communists in our midst (or, as I like to call them, The Harry Pollittburo) by attending assiduously in hub posts to which they have skilfully got themselves voted, while the great majority can't be bothered. The effect is that we are wishing extra austerity on ourselves, which need not be there at all.

A blight in ordinary times, these upholders of austerity for austerity's sake weigh far more severely when life is already stripped of most of its good things. They seek to remove the slender remainder in order to propitiate their lights, and it is much easier for them to function than in normal times, since all they need do is to point to the patriotic necessity of eschewing all "self-indulgence." Never has there been such an excuse for interfering with the pleasures and relaxations of other people.

THE MEDALS COME THICK AND FAST—TWO NEW WAR DECORATIONS WHICH ARE TO BE STRUCK BY THE ROYAL MINT: At left and in the centre are the reverse and obverse of the War Medal 1939-45, the ribbon of which has been available for some time past. This has been designed and modelled by Mr. E. Carter Preston. The reverse shows a lion standing triumphant on the body of a double-headed dragon. The War Medal goes to all who had twenty-eight days' service or more, whether operational or otherwise. On the right is the King's Medal for Service in the Cause of Freedom, designed by Mr. T. H. Paget. It will be awarded to all those of foreign birth who aided the Allied cause during the war. A knight in armour, with his lance broken, is depicted receiving refreshment from an allegorical female figure. Silver will be used for the King's Medal for Service as 2,000 or 3,000 only are to be minted. Selection committees have already been appointed to recommend the awards

A providential visitation for Blue Folk, this climate of austerity which so suits their principles, and it requires little discernment to see their handiwork in the mounting mass of prohibitions and restrictions which, among other things, add contempt for the law at a time when respect for it was never more needed. As the following figures for 1947 demonstrate:

Robbery with violence, 5,000 cases, compared with 2,900 in 1939.

Burglaries, shop and housebreaking, 120,000 cases, compared with 52,000 in 1939.

Prison population 20,000—largest for thirty-five years.

Not alien to the increase are gloom and nothing-to-do, each of which is so signally noted by visitors from other lands, gayer, brighter, happier lands, yet which are as badly off, or worse off than ourselves as a result of the war.

One of the saddest fallings-off is in the English pub, and now that I see there are 200 "dry" M.P.s, there is little hope. It says a great deal for the inherited sense of fun that these truly native clubs, whose lights are now the main manifestation of cheer, are not morgues, for all the wishy-washy beer does, or the impossibly-priced other stimulant. The Pussyfoots have had a field day, cutting the sugar to the breweries, refusing to work price control, and making Americans ever gayer.

Americans already sated with Bourbon and Canadian Club are filled to the brim with whisky taken from Britons, though how this fits in with principles is just one of those questions. Still, it earns dollars which evidently sink principles in these needy times.

Incidentally, I would point out to those who hope to have Americans teeming over here, that the English pub is very near the top of our attractions, in American eyes.

The deadening Blue grip is manifest time after time—in the cheeseparing attitude to food and all the blither about calories, blown high by doctors; in the crack-down on reunion dinners and dance extensions; in the denial of petrol which knitted localities genially and spread infinite good cheer; in the Crippsian call to parlour games; in the Blue Sundays with nothing to do when the rest of the world has sport and games in the afternoon; in the attitude towards films; in the B.B.C. curfew; in the police action on Christmas draws; in Southend's ban on Geraldo.

The hand of Puritanism is too unmistakable to be accidental in all this doin' things unnaturally. Whenever there is a cut to be made, you may bet your last dollar that the first thing sought out is something that gives pleasure or relaxation, and, quite apart from the so-called moral side, the contention is that a continuance in the same line is going to prove greatly damaging to us all before we see the end of *this* seemingly interminable tunnel. Reports from the producing centres already bear this out.

Take cinemas. Not only is the saving of a few millions leading to an acute shortage of films—and whether American films were "good" for them or not, they were the main week-end entertainment of the masses—but, unbeknown to most of us, we are back in 1932 and its law by which a local council may refuse the right to vote on Sunday cinemas. These were sanctioned during the war, so as to keep up the troops' morale. They may not be retained during this alleged peace, so as to keep up the morale of civilians who, we are repeatedly told, are engaged in a drive similar to that of 1940-45.

The result is a resumption, on a larger scale, of that depressing spectacle of multitudes hanging about the streets.

"Of course I am glad to see the 1932 Act back," says Mr. Lord's Day Observance Martin. "It helps us because there are times when it is necessary to be dictatorial. Local councils are responsible for the dignity and uplift of the community. If they think it is wrong for cinemas to open on Sunday, I can't see that it matters what the people think. We would fight very hard if there were any suggestion of the Act being changed."

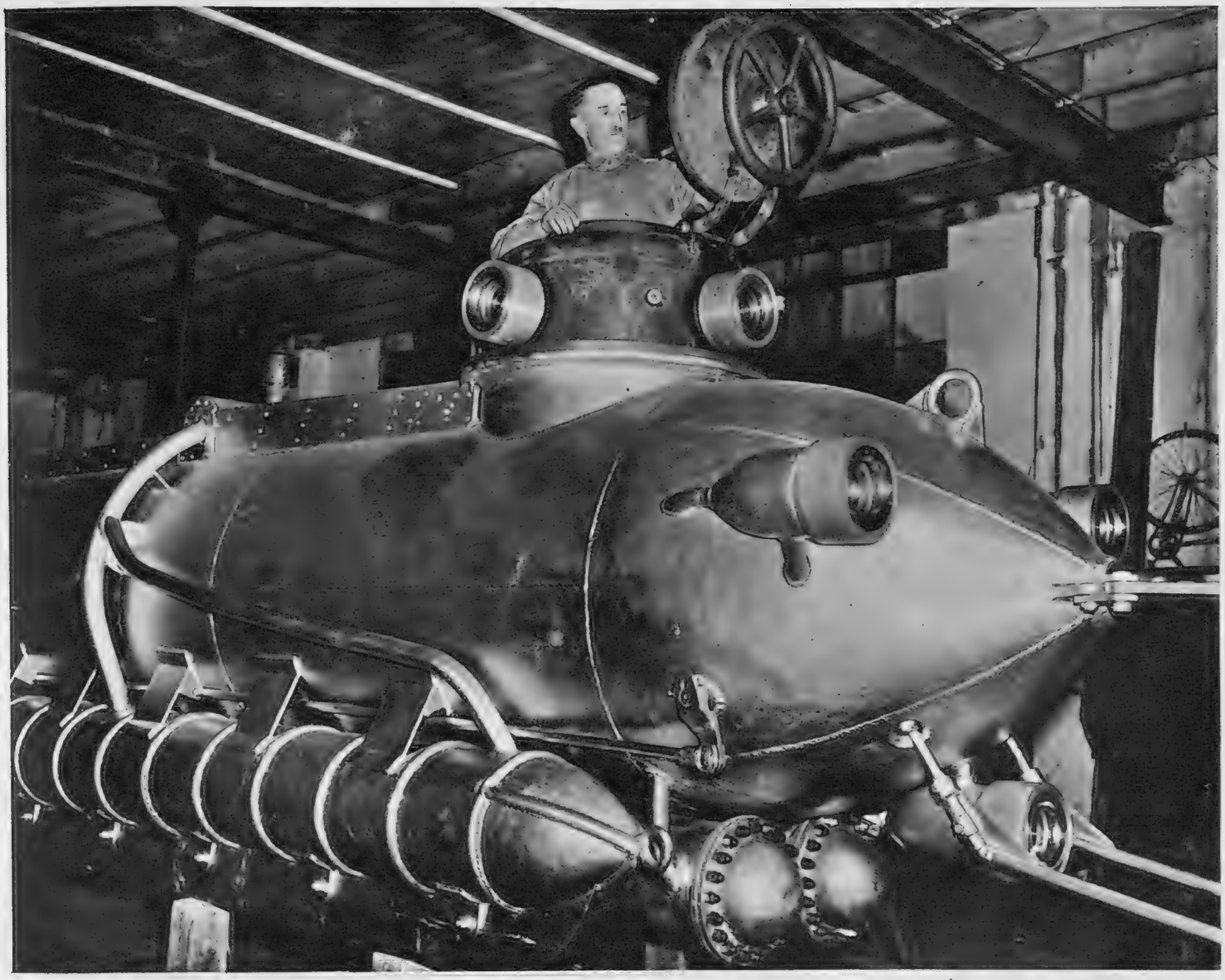
There speaks the authentic Blue Mind, and it is idle to laugh it off, since it penetrates powerfully and has never yet been taken on, as it could be taken on. Instead, the country has been fobbed off with lurid tales of the "Continental Sunday," which, in France, the nation principally held up to opprobrium, resolves itself essentially into a weekly family festival.

We may yet have to enquire into the economic consequences of the English Sunday.

"Obviously, the holding of sports meetings on Sundays would in present conditions be a blessing to the country, since it would enable factories to be run for the full six working days, while the work itself could be planned so that each worker could have his half-day once a week."

So speaks a leading sectarian publication. Sectarian leaders are far from all being blue-minded. The Archbishop of York is one who agrees that games are justified on Sunday afternoons. Blue-mindedness is quite another bug, nationally debilitating for the gloom it spreads and the time it wastes, yet gaining the upper hand day by day in the limiting and constricting circumstances surrounding us, whose saddest aspect, perhaps, is a growing readiness to lie down under anything put over.

P.S.—I hope to be alive at the Restoration.



PIETRO VASSENA IN THE CONNING-TOWER OF THE "C.3": The Italian engineer and scientist in the deep-sea submarine which he has built at Lecco, Northern Italy, and is planning to try out in the Lake of Como before full-scale tests in the open sea. In the nose of the submarine are windows, headlights, and a mechanical grab for securing specimens from the depths. The submarine will be used for scientific purposes, and also for the investigation of wrecks. It is built to withstand the great pressures likely to be encountered at 3,000 ft. or more

ITALY'S DEEP-SEA SUBMARINE

Pietro Vassena and the Remarkable Under-water Craft He Has Developed at Lecco

While spending three months in gaol when facing charges of collaborating with the Germans, Pietro Vassena perfected his plans for a midget submarine. Since his release Vassena has been hard at work at Lecco, Northern Italy, translating his blueprints into a craft with which he hopes to explore the ocean bed. Much will depend on the preliminary trials beneath the waters of Lake Como, where Vassena will see how well the "C.3" (for such is its name) will stand up to pressure at depth. He will also see if it is possible to remain under water for twenty hours at a time. Professor Piccard, the Belgian scientist, at present engaged in diving experiments in the Gulf of Guinea, is said to be interested in Vassena's project and to have given him encouragement

THE 40-50-H.P. CAR ENGINE WHICH DRIVES THE SUBMARINE WHEN ON THE SURFACE: Pietro Vassena at work within his submersible craft. When under water it is driven by an electric motor at a maximum speed of 16 m.p.h. The batteries are mounted outside the craft. *On right*—Signor Vassena checking over the controls in "C.3"

PICKED AS THE CAPITAL OF THE COMMUNISTS' NEWLY-PROCLAIMED GREEK REPUBLIC: The northern Greek town of Konitza, the scene of the New Year battle between the Greek regular army and the rebel forces of General Markos. When the battle began the Greek regular army garrison in the besieged town numbered 1,000, and Konitza's population of 5,000 was swollen by refugees. The guerillas hoped by dynamiting the bridge across the Aoos River, and by commanding the crossing with artillery stationed on the heights, to force Konitza into submission, but the 8th Division reached Konitza by another route

THE BATTLE FOR KONITZA

The Greek Guerillas Retreat, But Remain in Being

The Greek rebels were foiled in their New Year attempt to capture Konitza, which they would undoubtedly have named as the capital of the new Republic they claim to have created on Greek soil, but they were not heavily defeated in the battle against the Greek regular forces, and they live to fight another day. The guerillas' policy would not appear to be aimed at decisive military victory. That is probably beyond their powers, but, by using Albania as a base, they can make a series of damaging raids almost when and where they will. By this means they can keep the Government forces stretched to the limit, drain away Greek economy, and, over and above all, disrupt trade. By promoting continual strife and fostering discontent throughout the Greek population, the guerillas can see an opportunity of reaching their goal. While it lasted, the battle for Konitza was marked by bitter fighting, and the guerillas showed themselves to be tenacious fighters, despite their limited equipment

QUEEN FREDERICA OF THE HELLENES VISITS THE NORTHERN FRONT: Her Majesty speaking to a company commander during the battle for Konitza. She was deputising for King Paul, who for several months past has been confined to his palace in Athens suffering from a recurrent form of typhoid

ARTILLERY AND PATROL WORK ON TWO GREEK FRONTS: *Left*—An observation-post built in a tree-top by the Third Army Field Artillery Headquarters at Ano Sourmena, near the point where the Greek, Yugoslavia and Bulgarian frontiers meet. At the time of writing there is little fighting in this area, but periodically it becomes the scene of guerilla activity of a diversionary character. *Right*—An armoured car engaged on patrol in the region of Konitza

BRITAIN'S FORMER FOREIGN SECRETARY (AS A PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL) WATCHES THE COURSE OF EVENTS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN AND THE MIDDLE EAST: Mr. Anthony Eden, seen in this picture with Persia's new Premier, Mr. Ibrahim Hakimi (left), and the former Persian Ambassador in London, Mr. Taquizadeh, journeyed to Teheran via Rome and Athens. En route he had talks with political leaders and was clearly gathering data regarding alignments in this troubled part of the world, where American and Russian influences are increasingly in evidence. His return home was via the Arabian oilfields

THE "BOARFISH" TAKES THE WATER: This new submarine of the United States Navy, seen in course of launching at Groton, Connecticut, is one of four submarines which on completion will be transferred to the Turkish Navy. The United States is handing to Turkey fifteen warships in all

Below—**"BRILL" IS PREPARED FOR TRANSFER: An American submarine in the San Francisco Navy Yard, where she is being fitted out for handing over to Turkey. When the "Brill" leaves for the Mediterranean she will be fully armed**

ALL EYES ON THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

America Sends Warships to Turkey, and More U.S. Marines Leave for the Middle Sea

To-day all eyes are turned upon the Mediterranean and the lands of the Near and Middle East. Mr. Eden's journey to Persia, via Rome and Athens, no doubt gave the Conservative Party's deputy-leader the chance for some vital fact-finding. The news that America is reinforcing the Turkish Navy to the tune of fifteen fully-armed warships, four of them submarines, has a disturbing bearing on world events, while the departure of American Marine reinforcements for Greek and Italian waters is all part of the post-war pattern of Russo-American relations, these events being themselves counter-measures in regard to recent Cominform action

UNITED STATES MARINES EMBARK FOR THE MIDDLE SEA: Boarding the attack transport U.S.S. "Bexar" at Morehead City, North Carolina, before her departure for the Mediterranean. The Marines will do duty in American warships, which during the coming year will be operating in Greek and Italian waters. As the Marines departed, Mr. Truman announced from Washington compulsory military training for America's youth, and a conscription plan costing over £100,000,000

WHERE EX-KING CAROL OF RUMANIA MADE HIS PRONOUNCEMENT: The luxury villa in Estoril, Portugal, where Carol admitted the Press ten days after his son's abdication

ERNEST UDARIANO RECEIVES THE PRESS: The Marshal of ex-King Carol's exiled Court (centre) talking with two newspapermen while awaiting the Royal statement. For some reason Udariano had plasters on both cheeks, and he seemed to be rather agitated by Press attention

THE STATEMENT IS DISTRIBUTED: While Marshal of the exiled Court Udariano distributes drinks, the newspaper correspondents read ex-King Carol's statement, in which he deplores the setting-up of the Rumanian Republic

A MOMENT FOR CAUTION: Ernest Udariano, ex-King Carol's Marshal, makes a careful answer to a leading question from one of the newspapermen who flew to Estoril

It was not to be wondered at that ex-King Carol, father of ex-King Michael, would be besieged by visitors after his son's abdication. Ex-King Carol received the Press at his luxury villa in Estoril and, working far into the night, prepared answers to the set questions put before him. "I deplore my son's renunciation," he declared, "and everything leads me to believe that the act itself, as well as the terms in which it was announced, could only have been imposed upon him by force." Carol, who would like his son to join him in Portugal, appears to be tired, restless and nervy, and at the moment is looking much more than his fifty-six years. With him at Estoril is his wife, "Princess Helena" (the former Madame Lupescu), who has made a quite remarkable recovery in health

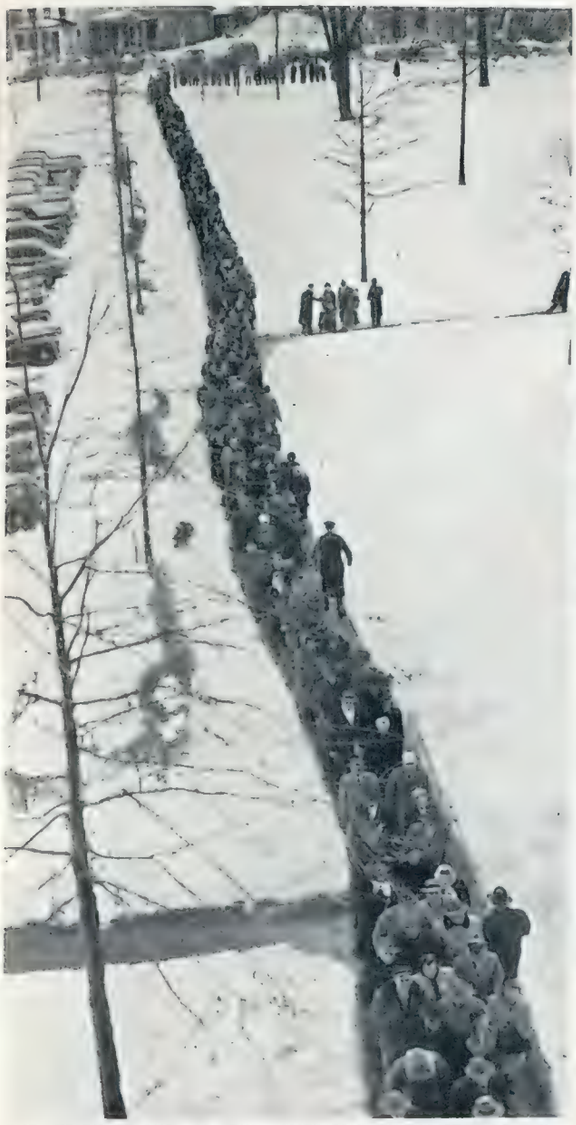
HAMMERING OUT A PLAN FOR WESTERN GERMANY: The two Military Governors, General Sir Brian Robertson and General Lucius D. Clay, who are seen seated together towards the right, at the conference of German political and administrative officials at Frankfort-on-Main. From the conference have emerged a number of far-reaching proposals for a Western German Government, including proposals to increase the power and stature of the German Economic Council and its dependent directorates. General Robertson, expressing the bitter disappointment of the British and American Governments at the breakdown of the London Conference, was at pains to declare Britain's desire to see a unified Germany. It was impossible, however, to sit back with folded hands, he affirmed, and he and General Clay accordingly brought forward a series of proposals designed to give the Germans more responsibility

THE WORLD SCENE: JANUARY 1948

A "Sphere" Survey of the News in Pictures

DR. JACOB KAISER MAKES HIS STAND FOR DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY: The Christian Democratic Party leader delivering his momentous statement at a Berlin conference of the Party when he announced his determination not to sink the identity of his organisation in the so-called *bloc* front, which means in effect the Communist-directed and dominated Socialist Unity Party. Kaiser and his colleague, Lemmer, received a unanimous vote of confidence from their supporters in Western Germany for the firm stand they had taken. They declared that they awaited the Russian reply to their challenge with interest but without anxiety. Kaiser's request to the Soviet representatives to leave the room created a sensation. He claimed that the matters under discussion were of a domestic nature

ROMAN ROYALISTS ARE DISTURBED BY ANTI-MONARCHIST DEMONSTRATORS IN FRONT OF THE PANTHEON: This was the scene as Italian police arrived in jeeps to maintain order after an attempt had been made to break up the memorial service for the late ex-King Victor Emmanuel III. The Pantheon is a rallying-point for Royalists, as Humbert I and Victor Emmanuel II are buried there. Rome and Naples remain predominantly Monarchist, while the cities of the north are increasingly Communistic



THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MOTORIST: The line stretches as far as the eye can see as some 2,500 luckless car-owners queue at the Queens Traffic Court, New York, to pay fines for tickets received when their cars had to be abandoned in the recent record snowfall. Both men and women owners in the queue were deeply indignant at the treatment they received, declaring that the police had acted without human understanding. The court insisted that fines should be paid in full. In other boroughs there were similar scenes

STUDENTS MAKE A NUISANCE OF THEMSELVES IN BOMBAY: A group of youths after breaking through a police cordon following the banning of the All-India Students' Conference by the local police. The students defied the ban and before they could be finally dispersed tear-gas had to be used. Indian students, like their Egyptian counterparts, are a distinctly disturbing political element these days and are quite capable of proving a thorn in the side of the Nehru administration

FRANCE RECEIVES HER FIRST CARGO OF BRITISH COAL SINCE 1940 AND TOASTS THE BRITISH MINER: *Left*—**The S.S. "Dashwood," dressed overall with flags, as she arrived at the quayside, Rouen, where she was officially welcomed by M. Mairey** (*right*), **the Prefect of the Seine, who is seen digging a symbolic shovelful during subsequent unloading operations.** The Prefect declared in his speech of welcome: "We meet to welcome the British ship *Dashwood* and the first cargo of coal from Britain since 1940. It is for us a great day, and we send our greetings to the wonderful miners of Britain. Thank you for this cargo; you may not know how important a part it will play in the recovery of France. It will give us vital aid. In return we hope that France will send to Britain some of the things you need so much. Good luck to you all." Regular shipments are promised to northern France during 1948

ROMANTIC TIDINGS FROM THE CHICAGO DIVORCE COURT: Stephen Streck, thirty-seven-year-old citizen of America's second city, goes on bended knee to beg his wife to drop divorce proceedings when they meet outside the court. Mrs. Streck, who charged her husband with cruelty, said she would reconsider the matter. Watching the incident was Streck's attorney

A RUSSIAN SHIP IN DISTRESS IN JAPANESE WATERS: The S.S. "Dvina" (left) seen from the air as she battled with heavy seas off the coast of Hokkaido, northern Japan. A Russian destroyer (right) is standing by ready to render aid. The "Dvina" was reported to have 780 passengers on board

THE 600-TON S.S. "UNITED NATIONS" MAKES LANDFALL AT THE VILLAGE OF NAHARIA: This little vessel, escaping the vigilance of British cruisers and destroyers, was grounded a few miles north of Haifa. Immediately the villagers rushed to the shore and, grasping a line from the ship, helped the 600 refugees to gain the Promised Land. The rope was paid out from ship to shore so that the able-bodied men in the *United Nations* could make their way to land, leaving the boats to women and children. Very few ships run the blockade as easily as this, most of them being escorted by the Royal Navy into Haifa or deflected to Famagusta, Cyprus

RUNNING THE PALESTINE BLOCKADE

How Six Hundred Refugees Landed at Naharia

The story of illegal immigration is a marathon serial and, like "Dick Barton," of the B.B.C., there is never an idle moment and a constant change of scene. The Jewish people of Europe, determined to shake from their heels the dust of the Continent, have ventured across the Mediterranean in every kind of craft and from many different starting points. Most of the refugees have been intercepted by the British patrols and sent to the camps of Cyprus, there to await their turn to enter Palestine under the quota. A few have got through, and the pictures on this page show the almost completely successful landing of 600 refugees from the 600-ton ship *United Nations* at Naharia. Nearly all the refugees were spirited away into the towns and villages beyond Naharia long before the police and British troops arrived on the scene, and in fact only twenty of them were apprehended. Such a landing, reflecting as it does the mass urge of the Jewish people, at least compels admiration for the determined manner of its achievement, but it does not augur well for the future as Jew and Arab forces mass in the Holy Land against the day, in May of this year, when the British troops withdraw and Britain abandons her mandate. Both sides would seem to be equally determined, and it remains to be seen what the new world organisation is willing to do, if anything, to prevent a civil war among the Semitic people. Arab recruits are also said to be coming from Europe, and there are reports that ex-British Army officers have offered their services to the irregular forces now being recruited by the Arab League

WITH ALL HIS WORLDLY BELONGINGS ON HIS BACK: A refugee is helped ashore through the tumbling surf at Naharia, while the villagers turn the boat round and prepare it for its next trip out to the *United Nations*. Luckily, the sea was fairly calm and the 600 illegal refugees were brought ashore in quick time. Cars were waiting to take them to surrounding villages

THUS THEY REACHED THE PROMISED LAND: The villagers of Naharia waiting to pull on the hawser along which many of the male passengers made their way to the shore. The "United Nations," like so many refugee ships, was heavily overcrowded, and the passengers were deeply glad to land after more than ten days at sea. *On left*—**Helping a boatload of refugees to land in the surf**

A CASUALTY IS BORNE TO HOSPITAL: One of the victims of the Jaffa Gate outrage in Jerusalem being removed by his Arab compatriots. Altogether seventeen people lost their lives in this hit-and-run attack organised by members of Irgun Zvai Leumi, the Jewish terrorist organisation. Using an armoured car, stated to have been stolen three-quarters of an hour before from the Jewish settlement police, the terrorists drove past the gate and, as they did so, rolled a large bomb on to the pavement in front of an Arab café. The car then went west along Mamillah Road, where the second bomb was thrown

ONE OF THE PERPETRATORS OF THE CRIME: A British constable lifting up the body of one of the dead terrorists of Irgun Zvai Leumi, who planned the Jaffa Gate attack. On the right is the stolen armoured car from which the bombs were thrown. As a result of police fire, the car hit an island in Mamillah Road and the occupants were shot by the police in trying to make their escape

HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR A BRITISH POLICEMAN: Lying in a pool of blood on the pavement near the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem, is the Arab policeman who saw the bomb thrown by the Irgun terrorists and managed to warn his colleague (on right), who escaped with superficial wounds. An Arab is seen on the left coming forward and appealing to the surviving policeman to fetch an ambulance. The Jewish attack, with its markedly heavy death-roll of seventeen, caused the gravest disquietude throughout Jerusalem

MURDER at the JAFFA GATE

An Irgun Assault in Jerusalem that Cost Seventeen Lives

To-day Jew and Arab extremists are engaged in systematic murder in Palestine, and in Jerusalem a shadow of fear hangs over the city. Business is at a standstill, and hardly an hour passes without the overwrought citizens hearing sounds of firing in one quarter or another. The Jaffa Gate outrage on January 7 would appear to have been planned by Irgun Zvai Leumi as a token answer to the hold maintained by Arabs at this gateway—a hold that has been cutting off Jews from the Old City. The attack was cunningly planned, the bomb-laden armoured car, stolen only a short while before, being driven by a Jewish youth wearing a British-type police cap. The cap was sufficient to let the car through the Arab barricade, and as it came level with the Jaffa Gate the bomb was rolled on to the pavement, causing the most terrible destruction among a crowd of Arabs outside a café. After the second bomb had been thrown and the car had been halted, five Jews jumped to the ground and tried to make good their escape. One was brought down by a British constable on escort duty. Two others were shot dead as they ran across the cemetery

STOLEN THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR BEFORE FROM A JERUSALEM GARAGE: The partially damaged armoured car which was brought to a halt by a policeman's bullets after two bombs had been thrown from it, one at the Jaffa Gate and the other near the point where it was finally halted

BRITISH SOLDIERS STAND GUARD OVER THE BODY OF AN ARAB BOY: He was one of the innocent victims of the Irgun attack, being hit by bomb splinters just outside the offices of the Zionist Information Bureau, and not far from the American Consulate. It was there that the second of the two bombs was thrown

A NEW ASIAN REPUBLIC COMES INTO BEING—SAO SHWE THAIK, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE BURMESE REPUBLIC, STANDS BESIDE SIR HUBERT RANCE, THE LAST BRITISH GOVERNOR IN BURMA, AS THE REPUBLICAN FLAG IS HOISTED IN RANGOON : The whole city was en fête for the occasion, and in the countryside the Burmese star-spangled tricolour even flew from haystacks. After the official transfer of power, Sir Hubert Rance sailed from Rangoon in the cruiser *Birmingham* to the cheers of thousands of citizens who lined the river-banks to bid farewell to the last representative of British rule. Meanwhile, the Republic's Cabinet took the oath, and the Burmese Parliament met to ratify the Treaty with Britain

BURMA CELEBRATES HER INDEPENDENCE

And the Last British Governor Leaves as the New Sovereign State is Proclaimed

SIR HUBERT RANCE BIDS FAREWELL TO BURMA'S PREMIER : The last British Governor of Burma shaking hands with Thakin Nu, who has the anxious task of leading the Republic through its first days

THE NEW PRESIDENT ADMINISTERS THE OATH OF OFFICE TO THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS EIGHTEEN-MAN CABINET : President Sao Shwe Thaik (right) and Premier Thakin Nu (left) at the inaugural ceremony in the Constituent Assembly after the transfer of power. When the Premier had repeated the oath he was followed by seventeen colleagues, who each received his seal of office

As far back as 1612 the East India Company had agents and factories at Syriam, near Rangoon, Prome and Ava. Just over 200 years later the First Burma War gave Arakan and Tenasserim to the British, and a second war in 1852 brought about the annexation of Pegu (which includes Rangoon). In the present century Burma has known an increasing measure of self-government, but last year Burma's Constitutional Assembly decided that the future of the country should lie outside the British Commonwealth of Nations, and, accordingly, on January 4, 1948, the official transfer of power took place, Sir Hubert Rance, the last British Governor, afterwards taking his departure in the cruiser *Birmingham*. The transfer ceremonies were marked on both sides by the utmost goodwill. It is no reproach to Britain that we leave Burma in a state of unsettlement and turmoil, for Burma was shattered morally and physically by the Japanese occupation and by two gruelling campaigns in the recent Eastern war. To-day the country needs more than anything else political tranquillity, but whether the Communist element in the political arena and the dacoits, who prey upon the countryside, will grant that respite is another matter. The building-up of the war-wrecked towns and of the internal transport system are the first tasks confronting the new Cabinet

THE FLOODLIT CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY, RANGOON : The Parliament building of the new Republic illuminated on the night of the flag-hoisting ceremony and the transfer of power. The building remained floodlit through the night

THESE WISE MEN OF BURMA DECIDED THE DATE AND THE HOUR OF THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW ASIAN REPUBLIC: These astrologers were given a place of honour at the flag-hoisting ceremony which took place in Rangoon on January 4. They had previously been summoned from their homes in many parts of Burma to determine the propitious moment for the transfer of power. The Burmese are a happy-go-lucky people, but they are also deeply superstitious, and would never dream of embarking upon any venture of this importance unless the day were deemed right

CELEBRATIONS ON BURMA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY IN THE NEW DOMINION OF INDIA: These two pictures were taken at the Burmese Embassy, New Delhi, when Earl Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, attended the flag-raising ceremony in the Embassy grounds (*left*), and watched Burmese dancers (*right*) performing in their colourful costumes. Earl Mountbatten is seen watching the dance seated beside U Win, the Ambassador-Designate. With him are Countess Mountbatten and Lady Pamela Mountbatten. India has been greatly interested in the Republican aspirations of her Burmese neighbour, and during recent months there have been frequent consultations in New Delhi between the leaders of the two nations, mostly in regard to their future trading relations

BUILDING FLYING-BOATS OF 140 TONS

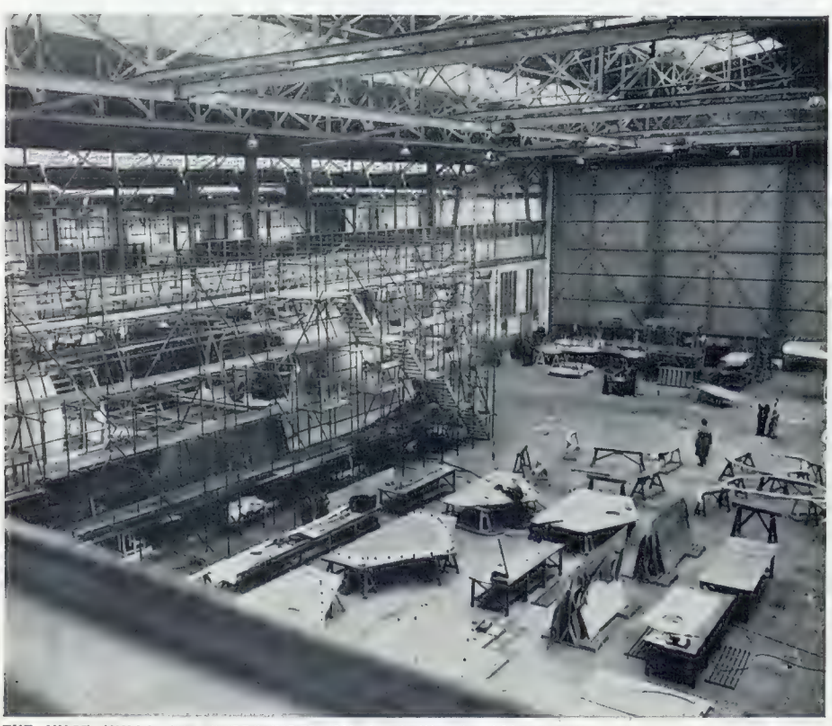
The S.R. 45's on the Stocks at Cowes, Isle of Wight

A VISION OF THE FUTURE—AN S.R. 45 PASSING THE NEEDLES OUTWARD BOUND ON A FLIGHT TO THE UNITED STATES : An artist's impression of the 140-ton flying-boat at the start of an Atlantic passage. The prototype Clipper, now fast taking shape, together with two others, at the Saunders-Roe works at East Cowes, should be ready for flight trials late next year or early in 1950. The aircraft is 148 ft. long, with a 220-ft. wing-span

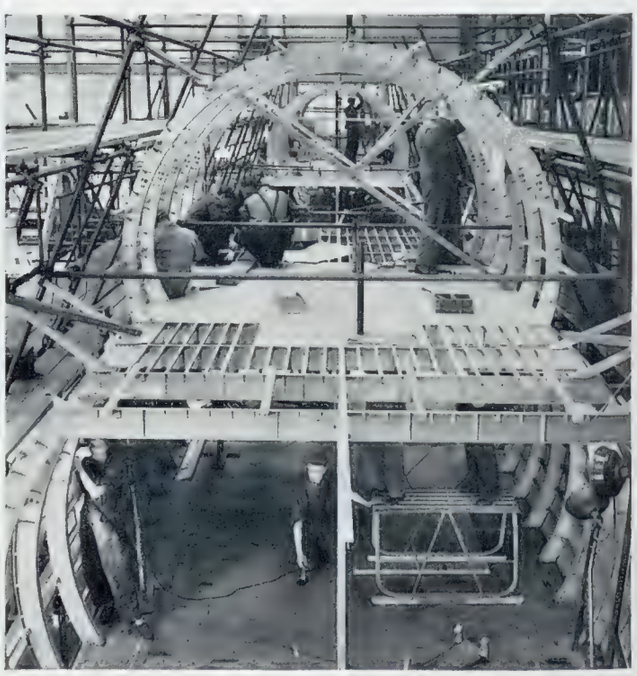
Britain is now the only country using flying-boats on a big scale, but flying-boats are as popular to-day as ever they were, giving a degree of safety on our Commonwealth routes that has won the confidence of passengers. In the face of appalling losses it is not certain how far B.O.A.C. will want to proceed with Clipper construction, particularly in view of the heavy expense involved in maintaining separate marine bases, but at the moment they are committed to taking over three S.R. 45's, and, as depicted on this page, these are now under construction at East Cowes with a view to their employment on the North Atlantic. The first of the S.R. 45's is in an advanced state of construction. The aircraft will have the range and speed to maintain non-stop services between Britain and New York, allowing for the possibility of meeting head-winds up to 90 m.p.h. This calls for a range in still air of 5,500 miles. With full tanks the aircraft will carry 15,000 gallons of petrol weighing 49 tons, which is 35 per cent. of the all-up weight. Operating at extreme range, the flying-boat can carry eighty-five passengers. The S.R. 45 will almost certainly be the first airscrew turbined flying-boat air-liner in the world. It will have ten Bristol Proteus engines of 3,500 h.p. each, so that 1 h.p. will be available for each 9 lbs. of weight, giving a wide margin of preserved power and promising a high speed. The cruising speed is estimated at more than 350 m.p.h. Eight of the engines will be coupled, but each can continue to work if its twin should fail. Each pair will drive a contra-rotating airscrew. The two single-turbine units will be in the outboard positions.

TAKING SHAPE AMID THE SCAFFOLDING : A bows-on view of one of the 140-ton flying-boats under construction at Cowes. These craft are so big that they have to be put in stocks, very much in the manner of ocean liners

A "MOCK-UP" OF AN S.R. 45 : This gives an impression of the completed hull of the new type of Clipper. The whole of the interior will be both pressurised and air-conditioned. The S.R. 45's will have ten Bristol Proteus engines of 3,500 h.p. each



THE HUGE HULLS ARE SURROUNDED BY A FOREST OF SCAFFOLDING : A general view of one of the new Clippers on the stocks at the East Cowes works of Saunders-Roe. On the right various components are laid out on the floor and ready for assembly



CONSTRUCTED ON THE DOUBLE-BUBBLE PRINCIPLE : Men at work on the two decks of an S.R. 45. It is hoped that these craft will operate a B.O.A.C. shuttle service across the North Atlantic

"AMBUSH" PREPARES FOR HER ARCTIC ADVENTURE: The "Ambush," an "A" class submarine of 1,120 tons, is seen (left) with "Anchorite" and "Alderney," also of the same class, and "Trespasser" (right), of the "T" class. They are moored beside the "Montclare," their 16,000-ton depot ship, in Rothesay Bay. Next month the "Ambush" will leave for her important experiment in Arctic waters, when she will carry out a long period dive to investigate stresses and strains, air-conditioning and the effect on crews who must live for weeks in such conditions. The test will be complementary to that made in tropical waters by her sister-ship "Alliance," which remained submerged for some weeks

ARCTIC TESTS with the "SNORT"

Another Submarine to Make a Long Period Dive for Experimental Purposes

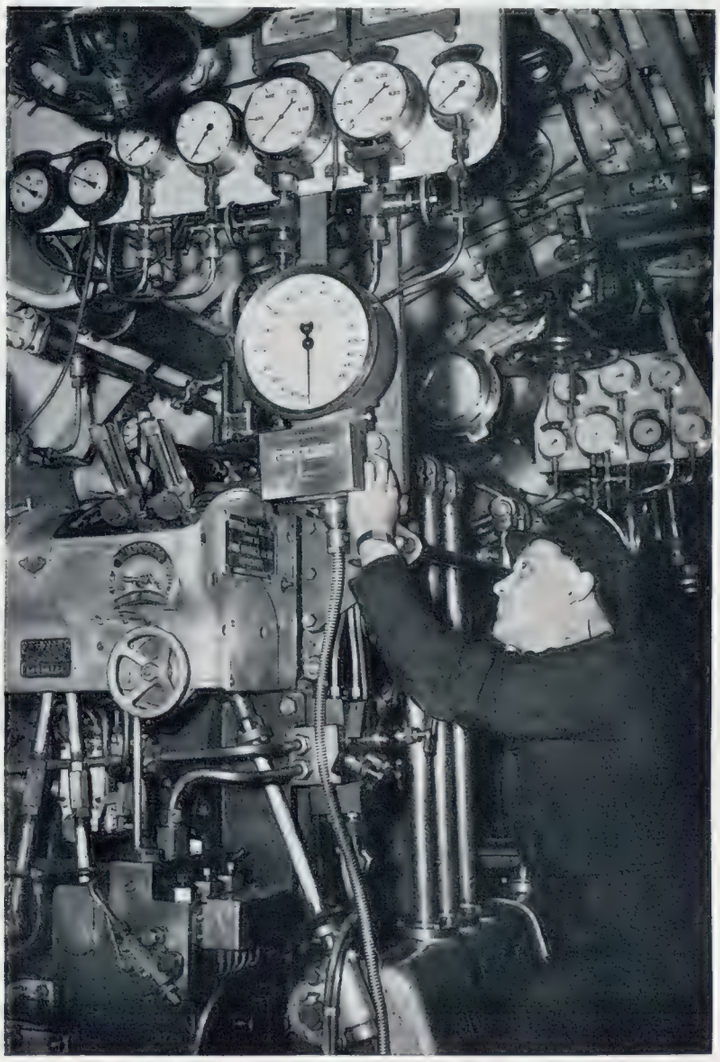
The recent underwater tests carried out in the submarine *Alliance* off Sierra Leone clearly demonstrated the value of the Schnorkel, or Snort, as it is called in the Royal Navy. This device, which enables submarines to breathe and use main Diesel engines under water, has now become a standard fitting for our latest submarines and it is to be added to others as they undergo overhaul.

It was in September 1944 that the German radio first mentioned the introduction of the Schnorkel in their U-boats, adding that experiments had commenced in 1943. The German craft had the Schnorkel fitted on the forward side of the conning-tower so that, when raised, the flow of water would help keep it in an upright position. The submarines of the Royal Navy, however, have the device fitted on the after-side of the conning-tower, relying on a locking device to keep it in position.

Following up the tropic tests carried out by *Alliance*, her sister-ship *Ambush* will be leaving at the beginning of next month and, using the Snort, will carry out an equally elaborate series of tests, possibly in the region of Spitzbergen. The *Ambush* is not likely to go farther north than that, as the Snort cannot be used beyond the region of the Great Ice Barrier.

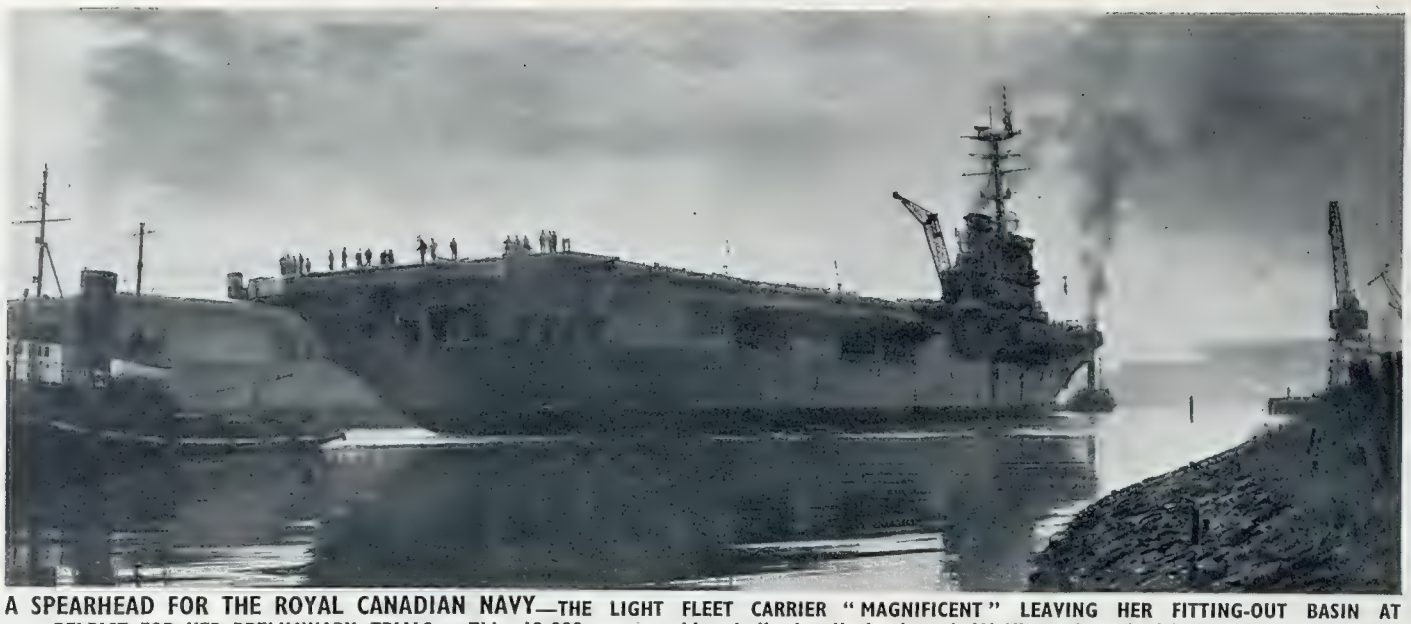
Ambush will carry a crew of six officers and fifty-five men, and a medical officer who, as in the *Alliance*, will study the effects of using the Snort over long periods

"AMBUSH" AND THE EQUIPMENT WHICH WILL ENABLE HER TO REMAIN UNDER WATER FOR SEVERAL WEEKS: A close-up of the conning-tower of the submarine, showing (on right) the Snort in its raised position. This device, which enables submarines to breathe, has a valve at the top to prevent any possibility of water entering the air-intake when it is in operation



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM OF "AMBUSH": Chief Engine-room Artificer Alfred Muir is seen checking over controls in the submarine as she is prepared at Rothesay for her coming Arctic adventure. On the left is the timing gear of the submarine's starboard engine. The Diesels are of 4,300 h.p.

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES



A SPEARHEAD FOR THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY—THE LIGHT FLEET CARRIER "MAGNIFICENT" LEAVING HER FITTING-OUT BASIN AT BELFAST FOR HER PRELIMINARY TRIALS: This 18,000-ton warship, built by Harland and Wolff at Queen's Island, was launched in November 1944. When passed for service in a few weeks' time the "Magnificent" will be commissioned by the Royal Canadian Navy. She will take the place of H.M.C.S. "Warrior," another Belfast-built carrier, which is returning to Britain to be placed in reserve. The new light fleet carrier will be manned by the 19th Carrier Air Group, now in training at the Royal Naval Air Station at Eglinton, Co. Londonderry. H.M.C.S. "Magnificent" is expected to arrive in Canadian waters in June. The "Magnificent" will carry a complement of 1,350, and has accommodation for forty aircraft. According to "Jane's Fighting Ships," her armament consists of twenty-four 2-pounder guns and nineteen 40-mm. anti-aircraft guns

A MAIDEN PASSENGER VOYAGE FOR A NINE-YEAR-OLD LINER: The 26,000-ton "Andes," one of Britain's most luxurious passenger vessels, leaving Belfast on trials after a ten-months' refit. Though now nearly nine years old, with 6,000,000 miles on her log, the *Andes* started out on her maiden voyage when she sailed from Southampton this week. The *Andes* has never yet made a commercial trip. She had just been completed when war was declared. All her lavish appointments were removed, and for seven years she sailed as a troopship to the United States and the Commonwealth—but never to South America.

WADING THROUGH THE MAIN STREET OF ALLERTON BYWATER: A scene in the Castleford area of Yorkshire, where many square miles have been flooded to a depth of 4 ft., the River Aire having overflowed its banks on both sides of Allerton Bywater. Two hundred people in this village alone were marooned in their bedrooms, and the basements of shops, public houses and private dwellings were all flooded. The floods in mid-Wales have been even more widespread, the valleys of the Severn, the Vyrnwy and the Dovey all being inundated. With rain still continuing to fall in the Welsh mountains the situation will probably worsen

GREETING A REFUGEE FROM EASTERN EUROPE: Charles Peyer (left), for twenty-five years leader of the Hungarian Social Democrat Party, in conversation with Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the British Labour Party, at the Conference of International Socialists in London. Peyer escaped from the other side of the Iron Curtain last November, when the Communist-dominated Government of Hungary accused him of political espionage. Secretly crossing the Hungarian border, he made his way by underground routes to Paris

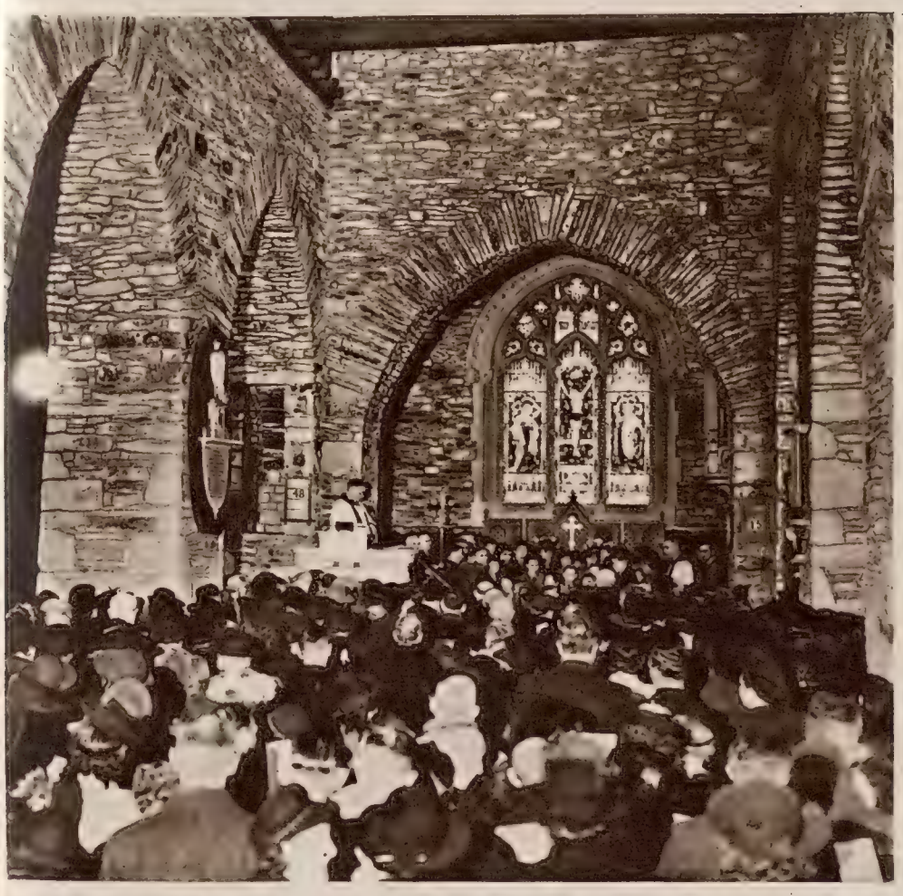
EAST MEETS WEST IN THE THURGOLAND TUNNEL: A dynamite charge blasted away the last few feet of sandstone in the centre of the new Thurgoland Tunnel on the main Manchester-Sheffield railway line. Through the hole crawled Frank Buckley (right) from the west to shake hands with Patrick Conway from the east. When the smoke and dust had cleared in the tunnel the resident engineer in charge of the work, Mr. Dempster, took a bearing with plumb-lines. His report was: "Right to an eighth of an inch"

A DECADE OF FRENCH CULTURE : A view of part of the Exhibition of French Books published since 1936 which has been opened at Bentley House, Euston Road, and has been arranged by the Cambridge University Press. Some of the books were published during the course of the German occupation of northern France

THE TRIBUNAL OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON AWARDS TO INVENTORS IN SESSION IN LONDON : Seated in the centre is Lord Justice Cohen. Leaning over the table on the right is Mr. Douglas Bishop, who comes from Dawlish, and claims to have invented the points rationing system

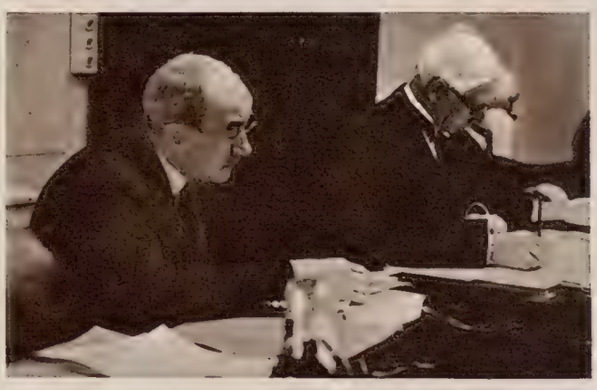
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FRENCH BOOK EXHIBITION : *Left*—A visitor to Bentley House, Euston Road, examining coloured art prints and colour reproductions of the celebrated Bayeux Tapestries. *On right*—Examining some of the books dealing with the ancient world. The standard of reproduction is remarkable, and there is evidence that even during the occupation the French were very much better off for paper than Britain was at any stage of the war or since

THE MAN WHO SAYS HE INVENTED THE POINTS SYSTEM : Mr. Douglas Bishop putting his case before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors. He said that he devised a points bonus system for grocers' customers in 1928. In 1940 he wrote to the Food Ministry suggesting that his scheme should be adapted to food rationing. During the autumn of 1941 points rationing was officially announced



"CALAN HEN" IS CELEBRATED IN THE VILLAGE OF LLANDYSSIL : The crowded congregation, drawn from several parishes in and around the Teifi Valley, Cardiganshire, taking part in the annual service on January 12. This festival, known as "Calan Hen," was established in 1833 to commemorate the date on which New Year's Day fell before the introduction of the present calendar. The occasion is celebrated with Welsh songs, and each parish priest visiting the church catechises his own flock. Since the start of the Christian era, Christmas Day, Lady Day, Easter Day, March 1 and March 25 have also in turn been considered New Year's Day, but at the reform of the calendar in the sixteenth century January 1 was accepted by practically all Christian peoples in Europe

THE COUNSEL FOR THE CROWN : Mr. C. W. Tookey (left) conferring with one of the Treasury solicitors during a session of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors. Mr. Tookey opposed Mr. Bishop's claim for compensation on the grounds that his points system did not amount to an invention. It was too vague



SIFTING THE EVIDENCE : Sir George Lee and Mr. Kenneth Swan, K.C., two of the Commissioners who sat with Mr. Justice Cohen to hear the evidence of Mr. Douglas Bishop. Mr. Tookey, Counsel for the Crown, declared that there was no link between Mr. Bishop's letter to the Ministry of Food and the adoption of the points rationing system. Mr. Bishop's letter, it appears, did not find its way into a London file, but was kept in a local Dawlish file. At the time of writing the Commission's decision in the case has not been announced

PREPARING FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT THE EMPIRE STADIUM: The new road which is being constructed at Wembley Park Station. Sixty German prisoners, twenty Poles and over fifty British technicians are at work on the construction of buildings and roads at Wembley which will cost in the neighbourhood of £200,000. The scheme embraces the widening of two main road bridges and a ½-mile stretch of roadway; the construction of a subway from Wembley Park Station to the Stadium and the laying down of a ¾-mile-long double carriageway inside the Stadium grounds. Further permanent road improvements are being made which will be part-paid for by the local council. In addition, a block of buildings for dressing-rooms is being built inside the Stadium, besides other improvements. The opening of the fourteenth Olympiad will take place on July 29

A WASH AND BRUSH-UP FOR THE DUKE: A workman cleaning Chantrey's statue of the Duke of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange. The post-war task of cleaning and restoring to position London's statues goes on, and one of the latest to receive attention is this equestrian statue, which was erected in 1844 after the opening by Queen Victoria of Sir William Tite's Royal Exchange building, the third to be built on the same site at the bottom of Cornhill. After cleaning, the statue is being rebronzed by the Morris-Singer Company

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CLUB FOR N.C.O.s: The new premises of the Chevrons Club in Dorset Square. The three adjoining houses which are to become the new headquarters of the Club will be the third premises it has occupied since the original house in St. George's Square was blitzed. The qualification for membership of the Chevrons Club is to be or to have been an N.C.O. Subscription is 4s. a year. Tenancy of the new house was made possible by the creation of a trust fund by Edward Terrell, Recorder of Newbury, and chairman of the Club. It will be opened by Princess Elizabeth on February 3

CLEANING UP LONDON

New Buildings are Few, but Repairs and Temporary Structures are Making Headway

STUDENT INTO NAVVY: These young students of London University are helping to clean up London. Holborn Borough Council is employing them on digging ditches, clearing sand dumps, cutting trees and shovelling rubble, and will pay them union rates on a three-months experimental scheme. In this picture they are seen shovelling sand in Queen Square, off Holborn. In the foreground is Heather Cook of Battersea, the only girl in this party

"THIS WAY TO THE CRYPT": A notice outside All Hallows Staining, where a temporary church is being grafted on to the fifteenth-century tower. The Church of All Hallows Staining survived the Great Fire but collapsed in 1671, and a new church was built in 1674. In 1870 the church and the site were purchased by the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, on the understanding that they would keep the tower, which had survived from the fifteenth century, in repair and would only build on certain areas fronting on Mark Lane. The temporary wooden structure is a gift of the Clothworkers' Company to the neighbouring Church of St. Olave, Hart Street, which was badly damaged by bombing in 1941 and which will now be enabled to return to its own parish. Adjoining the tower is the twelfth-century crypt in which services are being held until the new building is completed early next month

WITH THE INDIANS IN AUSTRALIA

Incidents in the Second and Third Tests

The Indians have so far had an unlucky tour in Australia, with the weather marring match after match from a financial point of view and stepping in to defeat the visitors just when they seemed to have had the measure of Bradman and his men. This ill-luck was particularly marked in the Third Test at Melbourne, when, in the fourth innings, the wicket on which Bradman had scored two centuries suddenly became a paradise for bowlers and India were skittled out for 125. India had the same misfortune in the First Test at Brisbane, while rain robbed them of an outside chance of victory in the Second Test at Sydney. On the whole the Indians have played well in heartbreaking circumstances, and the way that Bradman has dealt with their accurate bowling has revealed that he is still the master, and that between April 28, 1948, when the Australians meet Worcester, and September 1, when they play their last match at Hastings, we can look for fireworks very much in the old manner

THE CATCH OF THE AUSTRALIAN SEASON—AN INCIDENT IN THE SECOND TEST MATCH BETWEEN INDIA AND AUSTRALIA ON THE RAIN-SOAKED SYDNEY GROUND: Adhikari is seen diving at silly point to catch Hassett off Hazare's bowling. Hassett was out for six, and Australia, on a two-paced wicket, were all out for 107 in reply to India's first-innings total of 188. More rain followed, and the match was drawn. The second batsman in this picture is obscured by the bowler

THE WICKETS TUMBLE AT MELBOURNE: *Left*—P. Sen, the Indian stumper, sees his wicket after it had been spreadeagled by Johnson in the first innings of the third Test Match. Sen is a first-rate wicket-keeper, but he is not in the class of Evans, of Kent, and Don Tallon, of Queensland. *Right*—S. Barnes clean bowled by Mankad for 12 after opening the Australian first innings. Thanks to two centuries by Bradman, and a sticky wicket in India's second innings, Australia gained an easy victory

KISHENCHAND IS OUT FOR A DUCK: He is caught by McCool in the slips off Johnston's bowling in India's second innings of the second Test. India deserved to escape defeat in this match. Their batsmen, however, showed themselves unable to master Johnston, who swung his deliveries disconcertingly

DOOLAND TAKES THE PLUNGE AND DISMISSES GUL MAHOMED: Off his own bowling Dooland just managed to get to a weak return by the Indian No. 3, and turning a half-somersault, emerged with the ball firmly in his grasp. This was in India's first innings in the third Test played at Melbourne

DON BRADMAN NEARS THE END OF ANOTHER FINE EFFORT: Miller and Mankad rubbing the Don's right leg when he was attacked by cramp at the close of his innings of 132. A few moments later, Bradman was l.b.w. to Phadkar. In the second innings of this third Test the Australian skipper was again in aggressive mood, scoring a masterly 127 not out. At the time of writing Bradman has made six centuries this season, three of them in the Test matches

THE LAUDERDALE MEET ON AN ICE-BOUND ROAD : Hounds prepare to move off to draw from Clock Lodge, near Lauder. This celebrated Border pack hunts among the foothills of the Lammermuirs, where the hill foxes more often than not provide first-rate sport

HUNTING-FIELD DAYS

Holiday Meets When the Young Entry Acquire Experience

The Second World War did not sound the death-knell of hunting, as many thought it would, and this 1947-48 season is really proving most successful. The pictures on the next page deal entirely with pony club meets staged in the interests of the young entry, and there is no doubt from the enthusiasm of these young followers that they mean to play their part in keeping the sport alive. The Lauderdale, depicted on this page, is typical of the robust Border packs which have so well survived the exigencies of war

GONE TO EARTH—AN INCIDENT WITH THE LAUDERDALE : The fox has gone to ground and huntsman Bob Jones has dismounted to lend a hand in digging operations. His first task is to call off the pack

BOB JONES SEES FOR HIMSELF : With pick and shovel the entrance to the earth has been opened up, and the Lauderdale's huntsman looks down for evidence of the quarry. If the fox bolts for it he may make for some fastness in the hills. In that event the Master may decide to give him a start, certain enough that a breast-high scent will lead the hounds to their quarry at a cracking pace

REYNARD HAS GIVEN THEM THE SLIP : The huntsman of the Garth searching among the bracken and the brambles for the fox while the hounds wait behind in the plough. The fox has probably gone to ground and the usual wearisome digging-out operations are impending. This picture was taken after a meet at Newlands, near Wokingham

A CHILDREN'S MEET OF THE OAKLEY: Hounds moving off to draw the first covert in Odell Woods, near Bedford, at the Oakley Hunt Pony Club Meet at the beginning of January. There was a large turn-out of youngsters, and it was felt that the meet had played a valuable part in training them in the etiquette of the hunting-field and in some of the first principles of hound work. The Oakley hunts some of the cream of Bedfordshire

PONY CLUB PARADE: Members of the Enfield Chace arriving at the meet at Little Berkhamsted, near Hertford. Several hundred children attended, and the turn-out was one of the best recorded by the Enfield Pony Club.

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS: Members of the Garth Pony Club riding through a covert after meeting near Wokingham. The girl in the foreground has dismounted to lead her pony across a half-hidden ditch

SINGLE FILE DOWN THE WOODLAND RIDE: Followers of the South Berkshire Hunt responding to a distant "view halloa" after a meet at Stud Farm, Sulhamstead. This picture shows some of the senior members of the Hunt, but the meet was staged on behalf of the South Berkshire Pony Club

LATIN AMERICA and BRITAIN'S EXPORTS

There are Big Chances in the A.B.C. Countries

By CHARLES GRAVES

ALMOST every day one reads accounts in the newspapers of trade restrictions and controversies about the price of meat and other commodities sent to us by the South American Republics. The truth of the matter is that the twenty-one Latin-American Republics are all rapidly attaining national manhood and are adopting the mistaken policy of promoting industrial isolation which would lead to a self-enclosed world. This means that the only real opportunity at the moment for British manufacturers to export to such places as the Argentine and Brazil is to send power machinery, factory machinery and facilities to work them. This may appear to be cutting our own industrial throats, but it will be many years before South America can compete with the quality of the specialised machinery which England makes so well. Firms like Stewart and Lloyd's, Babcock and Wilcox, and J. Stone and Co., must do well for many years to come.

It is true that the Argentine is already running its own shipping line with vessels built by such firms as John Brown and Co. and Vickers Armstrong. But it will be decades before Latin-America can meet its own needs. It is already making cheap-quality cotton, but has to buy higher-class goods from Europe. France's present weakness is our opportunity to create as large a market as possible, for British textiles in particular. It is true that high-level representatives of Latin-American Republics were disappointed in the quality of many of the wedding presents still being exhibited after the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, but they were very much impressed by the actual wedding dress and the bridesmaids' dresses. At the moment there is an excellent opportunity for the leading English dressmakers to break into the South American market by designing special fashions for it. But it has been impossible, so far, to persuade the rival dress houses to form a common fashion centre with this object in view. Manchester has its own design centre for cotton goods, but the jealousies of the London houses has proved too great for them to combine in an all-out drive for Latin-American customers. By contrast, many French houses have special collections for South American clients.

An ideal place for holding such dress shows would be Canning House, in Upper Berkeley Street, which has been open for just a year. Its object is to promote good will and international trade between this country and the Latin-American Republics. It is backed by a number of British export firms and South American interests. Number 4, Upper Berkeley Street is a beautiful Adams house with a huge drawing-room ideally situated for fashion parades. It is here that numbers of the Latin-American Diplomatic Corps give private parties for guests of such organisations as the British Mexican Society, the Anglo-Chilean Society, the Friends of Uruguay and the Anglo-Brazilian Society.

Among the other objects of Canning House is the encouragement of Spanish and Portuguese in the school curriculums; the starting of Spanish correspondence schools; and the provision of library and information services. It is not intended that the latter should be commercial, but enquirers are put in touch with the correct experts.

It is stating the obvious that we are still enjoying a sellers' market capable of absorbing all that manufacturers can produce. But this cannot last for ever. Competition will return. British manufacturers, however, start with two initial advantages in exporting to Latin-America. The first is the large sterling reserves of the River Plate countries and Brazil, frozen in this country, which form a considerable volume of pent-up purchasing power. The second is the high prestige which Britain enjoys in the eyes of Latin-America. Every V.I.P. from that part of the world underlines the desire of the Republics to be friendly with this country and also to increase their trade. If they become still more confidential, they will admit that not only do they admire us, but they prefer us to the United States. Against this, they find great difficulty in dealing with us because of the delivery dates. They see no reason why British manufacturers should not give some kind of date. As it is, if no date is available, the price of the goods cannot be firmly fixed because the price of world commodities also alters.

There are further restrictions of trade caused by the undeniable fact that most of the Latin-American Republics have lived extravagantly and have exhausted both their dollar and sterling credits. Many others have sterling credits blocked in this country; hence the delay on the imports of meat which is linked with the non-convertibility of sterling in the Argentine. Brazil is similarly affected. Some of these Latin-American countries which are short of convertible currencies are putting on fierce tariffs, particularly Brazil. In fact, only hydro-electric dams or defence and communication necessities are doing well. At the moment there is no real sign that the Republics like us any the better. Their first loyalty is to themselves; their second is to France; Great Britain is a bad third, except in the Argentine, which puts Spain above us.

Brazil, the only Latin-American Republic where the national language is Portuguese, is as different to the rest of South America as the Portuguese are to the Spaniards, being more tolerant, more easy-going, and with a keener sense of their debt to Europe. The Argentinians are the least popular among the South American Republics, while the Chileans are Great Britain's best friends. Unfortunately, Chile's prosperity is built on natural nitrates, which have been largely hit by the synthetic variety. People still talk about the A.B.C. countries (the Argentine, Brazil and Chile). To-day, Chile is losing its position and being supplanted by Mexico in importance. The latter country is socialising itself very rapidly, expropriating the oil companies and becoming more and more nationalistic. With a population of 18,000,000 it is a real force with which to reckon.

Two nations which are rapidly climbing the ladder are Colombia, with its 8,000,000 inhabitants, and Venezuela, which has become the third largest supplier of oil in the world—after the United States and Russia. Shell Oil are developing a refining plant there which is said to be costing £30,000,000. Having paid off the whole of their external debt, the Venezuelans possess one of the hardest currencies in the world. Their spending power, however, is not spread over the populace, and British manufacturers are doing their best to persuade the public to buy all kinds of consumer goods, such as radio sets, high-grade textiles and other semi-luxuries which more and more of the populace can now afford.

The chief trouble is the shortage of these British goods for export. Incidentally, during the recent haggling over the meat contract with the United Kingdom, the Argentine Government has threatened to sell all their surplus meat to Venezuela. This is absurd, because the Venezuelans have their own meat, and in any event, their population is under 4,000,000.

Altogether, it is a great pity that the Latin-American Republics in their national desire to be independent, and as far as possible self-supporting, forget the history of their development. It was Canning who was so largely responsible for their breakaway from Spain. It was British explorers, many of them Irish, who discovered the possibilities of the various republics. It was British firms and British capital which built the railways that brought about such a complete transformation in their economic and political life.

Great Britain has always shown a tremendous faith in Latin-America. The total of British capital invested there at one time reached £1,200,000,000 sterling, of which one-third was invested in the Argentine. (United States participation in South American affairs was to a very large extent a wartime or post-war growth.) It is to be hoped, therefore, that in spite of the rising tide of nationalism throughout South America, the physical, financial and sentimental ties existing between Great Britain and the Latin-American Republics will be maintained.

RADIATORS BY THE THOUSAND: Part of the huge store at the Banner Lane plant of the Standard Motor Company at Coventry

BOUND FOR THE U.S.A.: The inspection bay at the Banner Lane plant of the Standard Motors Ltd. at Coventry. These British-built Ferguson tractors are part of a vast order from the United States

The largest single order gained so far in the British export drive—an American order totalling 20,000,000 dollars—was received in Coventry on January 12 by Harry Ferguson Ltd. for the supply of British-built Ferguson tractor power units. America, it was stated, was prepared to take up to 60,000,000 dollars' worth of tractors. It is anticipated that the Banner Lane plant of the Standard Motor Company, where the Ferguson Tractor unit is made, will ship 500,000 dollars' worth of tractors to U.S. per week until the initial order is completed this year. Mr. Ferguson is at the moment challenging the Ford concern in the United States with regard to tractor contracts, and he is claiming from Fords a large amount in compensation

IN A COVENTRY SIDING: Ferguson tractors on flat rail-cars await transport to the docks for shipment to the United States

SIR NOVELTY FASHION COMES TO THE WEST END

Vanbrugh's Comedy "The Relapse" to Open at the Phœnix After a Success at the Lyric, Hammersmith

SIR NOVELTY FASHION, NEWLY-CREATED LORD FOPPINGTON, SETS OUT TO MEET THE LADIES: Cyril Ritchard takes this part in Sir John Vanbrugh's bawdy, realistic and witty Restoration comedy, "The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger," which has scored a great hit at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and is opening in the West End on January 28 at the Phœnix Theatre. Cyril Ritchard, Australian-born musical comedy star, played in 1940 in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and in this latest production he shows once again that he can excel in the straight play. Anthony's Quayle's production has a first-rate cast, including Paul Scofield, Esmond Knight, Anthony Ireland, and Madge Elliott, *The Relapse* has often been labelled as grossly indecent, but this beautifully dressed and staged production places its crudities in a fair perspective, and superb acting does the rest.

"LET ME BEAT OUT HIS BRAINS, AND THAT WILL DECIDE ALL": Sir Tunbelly Clumsy (Hamlyn Benson) threatens Lord Foppington (Cyril Ritchard) with his fists, while Coupler and Lory threaten him with rapiers. This is the finale of Sir John Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy "The Relapse" now transferring to the Phœnix

ONE OF THE INTRIGUING TRIANGLES IN "THE RELAPSE": Amanda (Audrey Fildes) and her husband (Anthony Ireland), with the charming widow, Berinthia (Madge Elliott; right), who takes up residence in their home. The results are fatal for all concerned

"HE'S RUN THROUGH THE GUTS, I TELL THEE": Loveless (Anthony Ireland) bends over the prostrate figure of Lord Foppington (Cyril Ritchard), who has received a superficial wound, which he deems to be fatal, in a duel with Loveless. Amanda (Audrey Fildes) holds Foppington's head

"WITH THE TEMPER OF A PHILOSOPHER AND THE DISCRETION OF A STATESMAN—I WILL GO TO THE PLAY WITH MY SWORD IN MY SCABBARD": Lord Foppington (Cyril Ritchard) tells his brother (Paul Scofield) he will not fight

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

EMIL LUDWIG ON SIMON BOLIVAR

"The Life of an Idealist" is a Long and Serious Study Marred by Occasional Flamboyancies

SIMON BOLIVAR, the great liberator, the hero of South American independence, was born in Venezuela in 1783, the son of rich parents of noble family. He died forty-seven years later, having spent nine-tenths of his personal fortune in the service of his country and, although he had for a long time unlimited control over the revenues of Colombia, Bolivia and Peru, without a penny of public money in his possession. He achieved the independence of three states, and invoked a new spirit in the southern half of the New World.

Directly due to his passionate feeling and energy, the administration of justice was purified; the arts and sciences encouraged, and national interests fostered. Furthermore, Bolivar induced other countries to recognise that independence was in a large degree the result of his own exertions. He was a great man, and also—though the terms are not always synonymous—a great figure.

For both the latter reasons, he is an excellent subject for the biographers, of whom Mr. Emil Ludwig is the latest. BOLIVAR (W. H. Allen. 17s. 6d.) is appropriately called *The Life of an Idealist*, and is a long and serious study, occasionally marred by the author's flamboyant treatment of a theme that, in sober fact, had enough highlights of its own. "To bury the man who was born with five millions and died with five republics," writes Mr. Ludwig, "a clean shirt had to be borrowed from a neighbour." But Bolivar himself had been a master of rhetoric second to few. "There have been three great fools in history," he had said, "Jesus, Don Quixote and I."

A HOUSE IN BALI (Gollancz. 18s.) is the story of a musician who lived for five years on the island, studying the people's music and through that, by a natural sequence, the people themselves in their moodiness, their friendliness and their emotions, as well as in the concrete expressions of their religion, their activities and their food. The result is a charming book, illustrated by fifty-three rather uneven photographs by the author, some excellent, some muzzy, some excusably romantic.

Laura Lady Lovat has compiled a short volume which she has called a Postscript, to her friend, MAURICE BARING (Hollis and Carter. 10s. 6d.), and has added to her own tribute, some extracts from his own letters and some of his verses. Monsignor Ronald Knox has written an essay on the influence of the classics on Baring's mind, and Princess Marthe Bibesco, a personal impression of the man and his work.

The cover design of Mr. Humfrey Jordan's new novel should be regarded as purely symbolic (of security, possibly ?), and not as an indication that FROM SUCH FREEDOMS (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a sea story. On the contrary, it is essentially a story of land: the Old Country and the New, traditional England and the fresh strength of the Dominions.

Mr. Jordan, to be sure, tackles his theme with seaman-like determination, and ends his story only when each of his characters is truly accounted for, and all is shipshape and Bristol fashion.

Mr. James Gordon is at pains to leave an impression of a very different kind. TAKE HER UP TENDERLY (Dobson. 8s. 6d.) is a melancholy story about a nymphomaniac and her long-suffering, uneasily complaisant husband. The girl appears at first to be flirtatious in no more than a normal way with such a pretty, young person, but marriage reveals her as an insatiable seeker after new versions of a sensation.

Matthew, for whom all reasonable sympathy must end on page 163, despises both his Sylvia and, presumably, himself, but he decides that he would rather have her and her sluttishness than loneliness and a life of order. Towards the end of the story he is offered a life of order *with* love, but decides against even that, as it is Sylvia-less. There is one gleam of hope that he may change his mind eventually, but by that time the reader is weary of him.

It can't be denied that Mrs. Dorothy Langley's novel is on the whimsical side, but the whimsy is so good-tempered, so full of humour and, at times, so near to satire, that I found it surprisingly easy to digest, although no whimsy-lover by nature.

MR. BREMBLE'S BUTTONS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) tells the tale, in simple language, of a man married to a domineering wife. Although he dislikes marigolds more than any flower, their garden is full of them, and he must hear himself referred to as a keen gardener whenever he is driven to water them or tie up their nasty little orange heads.

He loves children, but they have none. Instead, Mrs. Bremble, an organiser if there ever was one, forms an association of nauseating possibilities, called the Modern Parents Organisation. Where Mrs. B. goes frequently to church, Mr. B. has his own private talks with God, who, he asserts, sometimes winks at him. Their lives are incompatible to a nightmare degree, and finally Mr. Bremble goes quietly and politely mad, drives straight into a large truck, and subsequently dies happily. His wife, true to form, misunderstands his dying words.

Unexpectedly perhaps, but quite positively, there is a good deal of fun in Mrs. Langley's story, and some sly but forceful digs at the social values of a small American community.

Just as positively, there is no fun at all about Mr. Paul Fox's huge novel, FOUR MEN (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.). On 688 of its pages this tells the life stories of four friends, rescued from a trapped submarine in 1918, and vowing to meet again more than twenty years later, which, Mr. Fox being that kind of writer, they inexorably do.

By that time the rich, handsome young man has become a drunken wreck; the poor boy studying medicine has drifted into dim theosophies and the writing of pornography; the idealistic young Jew has married a rich wife and become a successful play producer; and the son of the Puritan mother has become a parson, married, caused a girl's suicide, left holy orders and is determined to find out the meaning of it all on a Caribbean island.

The book, which devotes approximately 172 pages, with never a smile, to each young man, was printed in Holland.

I have left something light, ingenious and cheering to the last, and that is Mr. Percival Wilde's tale of the exploits of P. MORAN, OPERATIVE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), a delightful little book which will remind people of my generation of the exploits of *Tish*, though in a more robust version.

P. Moran is a young man, nominally chauffeur to a family in Connecticut, but actually a keen student of a correspondence course in detection. P. Moran, let us face the facts, is as dumb as they come, but by a combination of fabulous good luck, being on the spot at the time and limitless self-confidence, he gradually acquires the reputation of solving half-a-dozen crimes and local mysteries.

This is as funny as anything I have read in the last six months, and laughter will make its reputation. Thank you very much, P. Wilde, Writer.

FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS A FAMILIAR SIGHT ON THE BOAT-RACE COURSE AT HAMMERSMITH—THE TRAINING SHIP "STORK," WHICH IS TO BE MOVED FROM HER PRESENT MOORINGS OFF UPPER MALL: H.M.S. *Stork*, launched in 1882 and commissioned a year later, was the last ship of the Royal Navy to be built of timber on an iron frame. Originally a steam-and-sail gunboat, with four guns and carrying a crew of sixty, *Stork* was later transformed into a survey ship, and was the first ship of her kind to cross the Zambesi Bar. Since 1913, when leased to the Navy League, *Stork* has been used as a sea cadet headquarters. H.M.S. *Thrush*, sister-ship of *Stork*, was King George V's first command. The *Stork* will probably be broken up, but no definite decision has yet been made

PALESTINE: A PREJUDICED APPROACH

Robin Maugham's New Book on the Problem of Jew and Arab

In May 1947 Zionist Ben Hecht wrote in a *New York Post* advertisement addressed to the terrorists of Palestine: "Every time you blow up a British arsenal, or wreck a British gaol, or send a British railroad train sky-high, or rob a British bank, or let go with your guns and bombs at British betrayers and invaders of your homeland, the Jews of America make a little holiday in their hearts." That inflammatory, embittered and insensate piece of writing constituted the low-water mark in the tragic, sordid dispute over Palestine. Its publication in an advertisement for Zionist funds meant that all reasoning had been thrown to the winds, that the marshalling of facts, the prosecution of inquiries, could no longer avail in this struggle on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, a struggle that was having its repercussions half across the world. It indicated, indeed, that on the Jewish side ruthless action would increasingly take the place of words. So it has turned out on both sides, and now, in January 1948, the world watches and waits with deep anxiety for what will occur when Britain withdraws her forces in May, and the Holy Land, the cradle of our faith, becomes a cockpit for two narrow bitterly opposed nationalisms with none to stand between them. While all these things loom intensely large in the public mind, Robin Maugham, in APPROACH TO PALESTINE (Falcon Press. 5s.) asks those who are willing to pause for reflection to weigh the facts in the case. Mr. Maugham claims that his approach has been made "without emotional prejudice," but here he deludes himself. He makes the initial mistake of dedicating the book to the Arab intellectual Albert Hourani, surely not an act of an unprejudiced commentator, and most readers will detect a definite veering to the Arab side, a lack of that fine impartiality that such a book requires. In one instance Mr. Maugham tells a damning tale of Jewish revenge in Tel Aviv. The tale may be true enough, but set down in the way it is, the balance of the whole Palestinian picture is upset. Apart from these glaring limitations, the facts are presented clearly enough, with all the tragic implications of Britain's conflicting promises to Jew and Arab in World War I and the subsequent vacillations that only exacerbated the problem. The author personally believes in the idea of partition, in Jew and Arab working out their own relationship, which is exactly what U.N.O. is leaving them to do, but he offers little that is constructive, apart from a few vague and unsatisfactory references to the "unscrambling" of Jaffa and Tel Aviv, and the treatment of minorities.

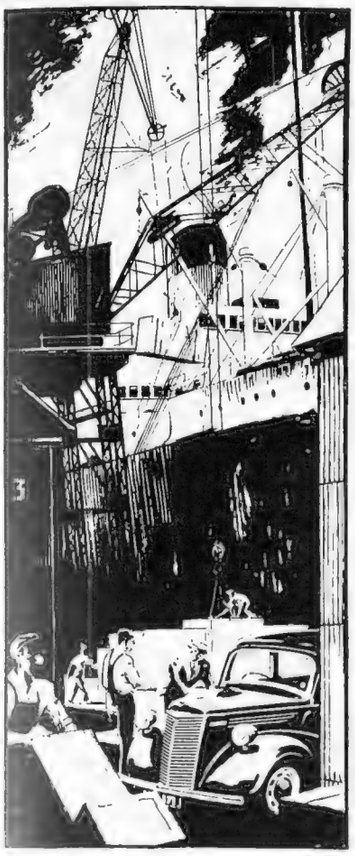
Slim volumes of poetry get scant recognition in these post-war days of hectic publishing in which books, though all strictly limited in their editions, flow seemingly without respite from the press. In these conditions work of genuine merit is easily lost, more particularly if it is in verse. James Monahan is a poet of distinction, and his AFTER BATTLE (Macmillan. 5s.), written at the close of the war and in the first days of his return to civil life, deserves the fullest consideration. The style is traditional, with three of the five sonnets divided properly into octet and perorational sextet, and the imagery clear and arresting. Mr. Monahan's sonnet "Lepidus" and "Sermon in Krefeld," an experience in a Rhineland church when he was with the Army of Occupation, are both memorable. If the sonnets—a subordinate lyric form—remind one of Crosland and Alfred Douglas, the pure lyrics are notably individual.

SANITY RARE (Allen and Unwin. 5s.), by E. S. Hole, is described as an essay in verse. Mr. Hole, choosing the quatrain as his form, claims that verse can say things arrestingly, but too many quatrains are wearisome, and 700 of them without any variation, many of them, doggerel or dangerously near doggerel, will be too much for most readers.

Brain surgery is the most backward of all branches of surgery. To a large extent it is still in an experimental stage, as also is the psychiatric approach to brain problems. George Bankoff, a doctor who writes convincingly for the layman, gives a clear picture of what progress has been made in THE CONQUEST OF BRAIN MYSTERIES (Macdonald. 6s.). In doing so he presents some startling facts and figures, including the statement that one in every 125 of the population is a mental defective.

MING AND PING (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a book of adventures in South America by A. F. Tschiffely. His characters are fictitious, but he introduces the reader to a wealth of interesting facts about Indian tribes and customs.

FOOTPATHS OF THE KENT-SUSSEX BORDER (Chaterson. 8s. 6d.), by Joseph Braddock, is a book for winter reading and summer reference. It is full of valuable suggestions for the walking enthusiast. In much the same category is NORTH-EAST SUFFOLK, by Allan Jobson (Coldharbour Press. 21s.), who knows this corner of England well and, with much erudition, traces the history of the old coastal towns north of Orfordness.



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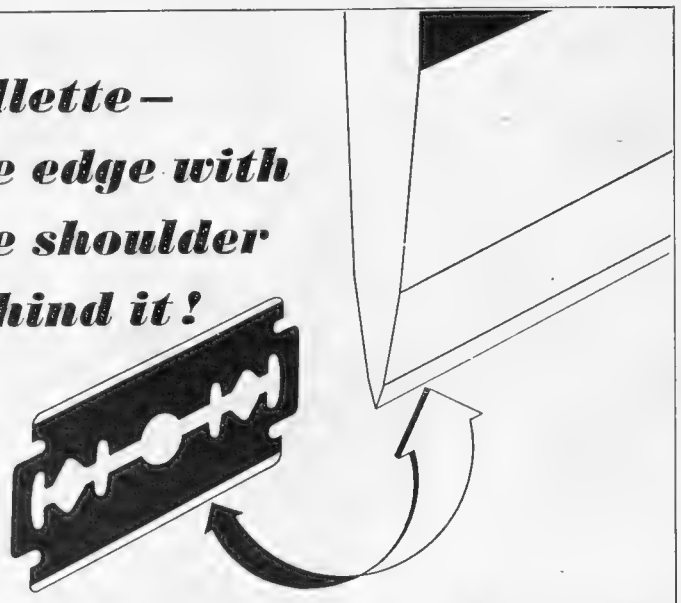

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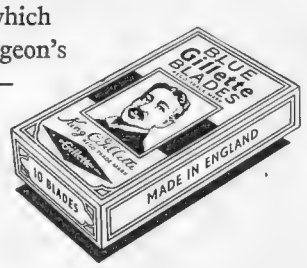

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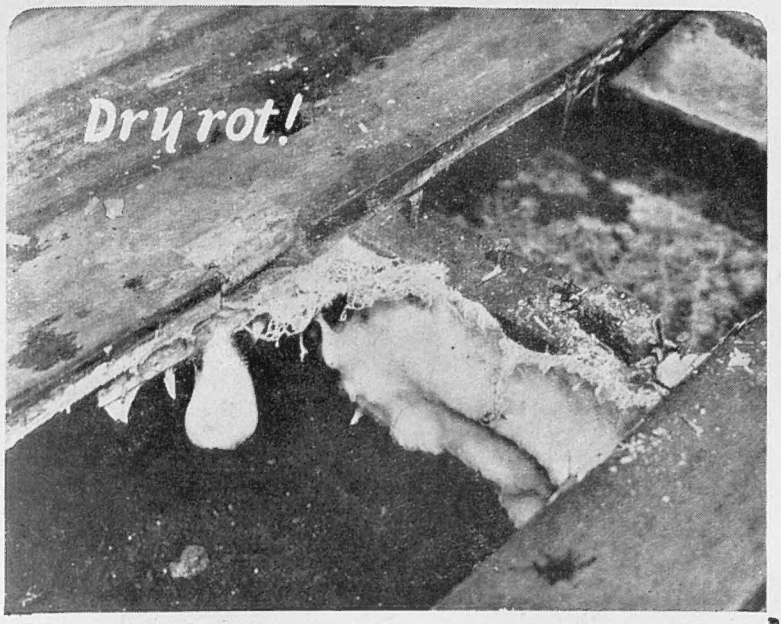

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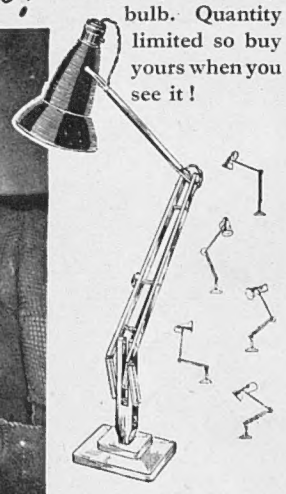

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